

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Dear Olaf, this is not
my gift to you (as
it ought to be) but
I write my name in
because your mother
wishes, & her wish
is Law.

Give my love to
Lit Book & Wi
Shu when you
see them may be
Ever yours

**ZIGZAGS IN FRANCE
AND VARIOUS ESSAYS**

OTHER WORKS BY E. V. LUCAS

ESSAYS

ENCOUNTERS AND DIVERSIONS
LUCK OF THE YEAR
GIVING AND RECEIVING
A BOSWELL OF BAGHDAD
'TWIXT EAGLE AND DOVE
THE PHANTOM JOURNAL
LOITERER'S HARVEST
CLOUD AND SILVER
ONE DAY AND ANOTHER
FIRESIDE AND SUNSHINE
CHARACTER AND COMEDY
OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

ANTHOLOGIES

THE OPEN ROAD
THE FRIENDLY TOWN
HER INFINITE VARIETY
GOOD COMPANY
THE GENTLEST ART
THE SECOND POST
A CHARLES LAMB DAY BOOK

BIOGRAPHY AND ART CRITICISM

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB
A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES
THE LIFE AND WORK OF E. A. ABBEY
VERMEER OF DELFT
THE BRITISH SCHOOL
JOHN CONSTABLE, THE PAINTER
LITTLE BOOKS ON GREAT MASTERS:
I. MICHAEL ANGELO; 2. LEONARDO
DA VINCI; 3. REMBRANDT; 4. FRANS
HALS; 5. VAN DYCK; 6. CHARDIN
AND MADAME VIGÉE-LEBRUN; 7
GIORGIONE; 8. VELASQUEZ

STORIES

ADVISORY BEN
GENEVRA'S MONEY
ROSE AND ROSE
VERENA IN THE MIDST
THE VERMILION BOX
LANDMARKS
LISTENER'S LURE
MR. INGLESIDE
LONDON LAVENDER
OVER BEMERTON'S

TRAVEL

INTRODUCING LONDON
A WANDERER IN LONDON
A WANDERER IN PARIS
A WANDERER IN VENICE
A WANDERER IN HOLLAND
A WANDERER IN FLORENCE
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SUSSEX
ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST

EDITIONS

MASTERFUL WILHELMINE
THE HAMBLETON MEN
THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS'
HOUSE LIBRARY
THE POCKET EDITION OF THE WORKS
OF CHARLES LAMB: I. MISCEL-
LANEOUS PROSE; II. ELIA; III.
CHILDREN'S BOOKS; IV. POEMS
AND PLAYS; V. AND VI. LETTERS

DRAMA

THE SAME STAR

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYTIME AND COMPANY
A BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN
ANOTHER BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN
THREE HUNDRED GAMES AND PASTIMES
ANNE'S TERRIBLE GOOD NATURE
THE SLOWCOACH
THE FLAMP

ZIGZAGS IN FRANCE AND VARIOUS ESSAYS

BY
E. V. LUCAS



METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

DC 28 . L8

First Published in 1925

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ZIGZAGS IN FRANCE	I
I The Soothing Car	I
II The "Vanne Rouge"	2
III The Fratellini	3
IV Albert	8
V The Foreign French	10
VI French Games	12
VII Houses and Flowers	13
VIII The Birds	16
IX The Riddle of the Coops	18
X A Land of Peasants	21
XI The Start	23
XII War Memorials	24
XIII Rambouillet	26
XIV Chartres	28
XV The Loire	31
XVI Touraine	34
XVII Poitiers	35
XVIII The Medoc	37
XIX Arcachon	40
XX Ingres	45
XXI Carcassonne	48
XXII The Turkeys	51
XXIII Montpellier	53
XXIV Aigues Mortes	56
XXV Les Saintes Maries	58
XXVI Marseilles	61
XXVII The Tables	64
XXVIII Fragonard and Grasse	66

Zigzags in France

	PAGE
XXIX The Mountain Lunch . . .	69
XXX Sisteron the Sad. . . .	72
XXXI Grenoble	74
XXXII Lyon	75
XXXIII Clermont-Ferrand	77
XXXIV The Maid of Orleans . . .	79

VARIETIES

GREEN SOUNDS IN A GREEN SHADE . . .	85
THE FEARLESS PET	91
THE FETTERED AND THE FREE	97
YESTERYEARS' SNOWS	103
CHANGE, CHANGE !	110
I Pot and Kettle	110
II Giving Place to the New	115
NOISE	119
YORICK	124
THE CATHEDRAL VERGER	131
THE GEOGRAPHICAL MEAL	137
THE HEEL OF ACHILLES	143
ANIMALS IN COMMUNICATION	149
THE DOGS OF THE OLD BRIGADE	155
THE TWINS	160
IN ALL SOBRIETY	164
THE AMAZING WEEK	168
THE CHERRY TREE	176
THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE POOR . .	182
THE BREAKING POINT	189
THE IMPENITENT	194
THE PATIENTS' DILEMMA	199

ZIGZAGS IN FRANCE AND VARIOUS ESSAYS

Zigzags in France ∪ ∪ ∪

I. THE SOOTHING CAR

WHEN one is very tired—too tired to want to read, too tired to want to walk or even to fish, and far too tired to dare to sit still and invite one's soul to loaf—what is the best form of holiday and rest?

Every one may have a different answer, but I advance the suggestion that a motor tour through an unknown country—and a civilized country for choice—say France—can supply recreation with repose to an unusually satisfactory degree. The badness of the roads leads to a certain amount of exercise, while the spectacle of the people, the fields, the woods, the villages and the towns, as they unfold and melt away, is continually and sufficiently interesting for beguilement. When it is not, you can sleep; at

Zigzags in France

least I can, having mastered the art of sleeping anywhere except in bed, and almost at any time, under no matter what conditions of discomfort.

There are two drawbacks to a holiday of this description, and one of these is not insuperable. The first is the anxiety that all but the most lavish or careless must feel as the kilometres mount up—for in a hired car you pay so many francs per kilometre. If the car is your own, you are free from this canker. Nothing, however, can emancipate you from the other, which is concerned with the doubts that assail you as evening draws near and the lodging for the night has to be chosen. Will it be clean? Will the bed be damp? Will there be anything to eat? And, above all, as you get farther south, will there be mosquitoes? Although most innkeepers deny that such insects have ever been seen within many miles, mosquitoes exist; and even one is enough!

II. THE "VANNE ROUGE"

It was on a trial trip on the day before the real start that I soon learned that Albert the chauffeur was a demon driver. I bade him take me

Zigzags in France

to Montigny on the banks of the Loing, having been told of an inn there of super-excellence; and the search for an inn of super-excellence is of course one of the joys of life, transcended only by finding it. Some one had told me of the "Vanne Rouge" at Montigny, and I must needs eat there. I recommend the "Vanne Rouge" wholeheartedly; I am not sure it is not the best riverside inn I have ever known. Riverside is the *mot juste*, for if you are not careful, and if the delicacy that you are enjoying provides pleasure so ecstatic that you make any involuntary movement, you are likely, if your chair is on the water side of the table, to fall in. The *spécialité* is the sinuous and succulent eel, a fish which the foolishly-refined frown upon in our country, but the French rejoice in; and it is drawn from the adjacent weir almost while you wait. When next you are in Paris with a fine day for an excursion and no plans, let me counsel you to try Montigny on the Loing.

III. THE FRATELLINI

That evening in Paris I spent in the usual way: I went to see the Three Brothers.

All English visitors to Paris, except those to

Zigzags in France

whom the spoken French word, and particularly when it is spoken on the stage, presents no difficulties, must, after dinner, find themselves in difficulties. They are reluctant to go to bed too soon, because that, in the City of Light, is both a treachery and a waste of time ; they shrink from the inferiority and tedium of the Paris music-hall ; yet there are three hours at least to kill before the night cabarets open. How to kill them ?

My own solution is to call in the aid of the Three Brothers.

Let me begin by saying that on that night the Three Brothers were no longer at their old home, the Medrano, the little circus on Montmartre, but at a rival house, the Cirque d'Hiver. Wherever they are, they should be as important to the visitor to Paris as is the Louvre or the Tomb of Napoleon ; perhaps more important, for the Fratellini, alas ! are but human, and must fade or fall, whereas the Louvre and the Invalides will be there next time, again to be avoided.

Every one who has seen the Fratellini knows that their special merit is to be masters equally of nonsense and of melody, and I shall say

Zigzags in France

nothing of their performance except as regards the novelty which it introduced—a novelty for which I was utterly unprepared, and which struck me by its prettiness as being probably unique in circus drollery, where prettiness is usually an absentec.

It is obvious that clowns must, occasionally at any rate, become fathers ; such amusing men naturally would find wives, and, even in France, children are still now and then born. But that clowns' children, while still in their infancy, are clowns too—had you thought of that ? I mean, in real life ; all of us who saw *Pantaloön* know about the miniature Joey of the stage. But that clowns should have children capable of entering the ring and being on the verge of proficiency in nonsense and melody—who had thought of that ?

Well, there came a moment in the evening when the Fratellino with the traditional white face, and the traditional frills and white stockings, and the little elegant feet all his own, and the irresistible smile—François, in fact—there came a moment when it was necessary to say something boastful about paternity, and he said it ; and, having said it, he proved his point by leaving

Zigzags in France

the ring and returning with a little son, white-faced and frilled like himself.

It is, as you know, with clowns an article of faith not to be outdone, and so the second Fratellino, the quiet, rather wistful and shy one, who dresses like a decayed butler, and carries a concertino under his arm, and is more kicked against than kicking—and so this one, whose name is Paul, not to be outdone, left the ring in his turn, and came back leading by the hand a little son of his own engendering, and leading him with triumph: a little son looking for all the world like a decayed butler through the wrong end of the telescope.

Well, you see what is coming? That third Fratellino, the scarecrow Albert, the real fool of the family, with the red nose and the long black hair and the enormous boots, the resilient ass who, in spite of every kind of indignity, has never yet been put to shame—what did he, but also rush from the ring and caper back with a miniature replica of himself in tow, red-nosed and over-booted, too. And then all three clownlings—the Fratellini piccoli shall we call them?—proved themselves, in the ring, to be chips of the old block.

Zigzags in France

The circus, where ability and agility start so early, is the only place where such an event could occur, although, of course, there was once a Young Roscius in real life as well as an Infant Phenomenon in fiction, while (to say nothing of Mozart) child musicians whose parents think them geniuses are numberless. There are also child novelists, of whom Daisy Ashford is chief, and among painters who began prematurely are Millais and the brothers Detmold. But these have seasons of eclipse, during which the child is growing into the adult, whereas in the circus the perfecting of talent is steady, and the child who is to-day the apex of the acrobatic pyramid and is flung into the air by a gradual series of brothers, will, as he grows heavier, go through all the various stages, until in course of time he is himself the biggest and strongest and it is upon his knees, arms, shoulders, and cranium that the whole troupe will be sustained.

These little Fratellini, being children of the Magic Ring, are bound to be able to do everything, and I foresee long and uninterrupted and triumphant careers for them.

* * * *

Thus far I wrote in the late autumn of 1924.

Zigzags in France

Alas, for the disposing hand of God ! During the winter the little son of Paul, the tiny miniature butler, as I have described him, caught a cold, developed pneumonia, and died in a day or so. A mourning card with a black edge totally out of scale with his infantile, fragile little frame, but making an effort to be proportionate to his parents' grief, informed me of the tragedy and still stands on my mantelpiece as a reminder of the bitter that lurks in the sweet, and of the vanity of human wishes.

IV. ALBERT

But let me now describe Albert, who to his other merits added that of speaking English as well as anyone need. A demon driver, yes. He also was—and perhaps is, but something must happen some day—a most capable man, very tall, very strong, with an instant smile of such charm that all censure dissolved and you smiled too ; but, like so many Frenchmen, he had no nerves, no sensitiveness, no consideration for others. He was the kind of driver upon whom such warnings as “ Ralentir ” and “ Attention ! ” exercise only a provocative effect ; while an intimation that a “ brusque ” turning was immi-

Zigzags in France

nent was a sure call to the accelerator's artful aid. The diagram of a "cassis" was the only notice that could really cramp his style, a cassis being a trough across the road to carry away a rivulet, or a raised ridge.

He scattered mud and juggernauted through villages in a way that kept me blushing, and he had all the good chauffeur's want of topographical instinct and bump of locality; all the good chauffeur's inability to see hotel signs. I suppose that their preoccupation being with the road, and chiefly with the road as it discloses itself for a space of some thirty yards from the bonnet, chauffeurs lose the power of looking at anything on either side. Certainly they strike me as the least observant of men; and Albert was their chief. But, these limitations apart, he was a great card, full of enterprise and adventurousness, and with a democratic tendency that gave him a peculiar and special quality, the result, I suppose, of several years' residence in America.

How many French chauffeurs driving foreigners in hired cars would bathe every morning when there was a sea to bathe in? or buy lines of bait and pull a boat when there was a sea to fish in? or sit down to Baecarat when there was a

Zigzags in France

casino to gamble in—not the insipid Boule but Baccarat? Albert did all these things. And he made friends wherever he went, shooting men, women, children, and even policemen dead with that smile of his on its hair-trigger. “Mais, Monsieur l’Agent, je ne suis pas maladroit”—I shall never forget him saying this to a fevered traffic controller in Lyons and by his tone placating if he could not convert.

We had but two misadventures. One I will describe later; the other was when once in a village we hit an unhastening goose very hard, although not fatally, in the region of the tail. “Albert,” I said in anger, “you *must* go slower through villages. It is disgusting to be so callous.” He looked at me wonderingly, as though this were a new idea, and I believe it was, for he had no memory, and then, “Who would stop for a go-o-o-o-sc?” he inquired.

V. THE FOREIGN FRENCH

When the country became monotonous, and I had slept enough, I leaned back and thought about the French. First and last of the great French bubble which persists and persists, although every one can prick it: their reputation

Zigzags in France

for quick intelligence. Within their limits they have an instant verbal reaction, it is true : that is to say, when you touch on the main facts of life, such as eating, drinking, loving and dying, they are ready with a reply, often so neatly and epigrammatically expressed as to resemble wit ; but with a new idea, a reference to anything outside these boundaries, a question involving any half-shade or subtlety, they are as stupid as a village dunce is anywhere. It is then that their features, their melancholy features (for how few French faces are happy ?) suddenly freeze into blankness, and their most trusty weapon of defence, the word " Comment ? " takes on its hardest, coldest tone or fiercest hostility.

That passion to know about things which makes English and American strangers so conversable hardly exists in France, where every one, knowing so much about the four facts of life which I have enumerated, needs to know, or cares to know, nothing else. Nor have they the mechanical means of knowledge. In all my journeyings I noticed only one house with broadcasting wires ; and the newspapers are for the towns only, and then how rarely you see them being read ! In England there is not a village,

Zigzags in France

however remote, in which some one is not interested in the result of the 3.15; but in France interest in racing (I mention this as an example, not with any suggestion that France should adopt our habits) is confined to the city people who visit the racecourse. It is impossible, looking at the villagers of France, all prematurely aged, all lined and bent and apparently mirthless, to imagine any of them following form. One's chief thought as one watches them, either in the fields, or on their way outwards or homewards, is of the extraordinary hold that the soil can exert, and what a terrible vampire it is.

VI. FRENCH GAMES

Perhaps what one chiefly misses in the rural parts is youth, and youth's accompaniment, joy. It would seem that all the boys and girls are in the towns. You see a few children, a few mongrel dogs (seldom a pure-bred one), many old people. But the boys and girls, where are they? And as for games, there were none till we approached Toulon, where on a Sunday morning the road was continually blocked by little parties of men in their shirt-sleeves playing that odd form of bowls for which Provence is famous. Even these men,

Zigzags in France

whose interest in the fortunes of the contest was intense, had not thought it worth while to find a retired arena, and the consequence was that every car held them up. Could anything be more different from bowls in England : with us, a hallowed ritual on a green sacred and apart ?

I watched several games in a dusty waste space at Sisteron, and again, as when staying at Avignon years ago, was impressed by the skill of the last players, who are held in reserve to toss the iron ball high in the air so that it drops, at a distance of twenty yards or more, bang on top of the adversary sphere which it is necessary to dislodge. Again and again this was accurately done. The game is a blend of our bowls and our quoits. For the rest, France has, just outside the big towns, enclosures in which Rugby goal-posts may be perceived, but I saw no game in progress.

VII. HOUSES AND FLOWERS

The vastness of France is always present in one's mind, at any rate the English mind accustomed to winding roads from which long vistas are infrequent, and to small fields and meadows enclosed within hedges or walls. So much of France is open, without any visible bounds, and

Zigzags in France

so many roads are straight, stretching apparently to infinity : so straight that the last lap in the far distance, rising to the ultimate horizon, often has the appearance of an obelisk.

An American coming from the great spaces probably finds France only less small than England ; but to me its extent is always surprising. Not only its extent but its emptiness, an effect produced, I suppose, not a little by the French custom of dwelling compactly in towns and villages, and not in houses in between. In England the towns and villages do not end at the last house : there are outlying manors, homesteads and cottages, so that you often have difficulty in distinguishing between the last house of one village and the first house of the next ; but in France the line of demarcation between habitations and country is firmly drawn. That is, in the country proper.

Yet around any big town to-day have sprung up environs consisting of the most trifling and insubstantial huts that could be imagined, all jostled together at every angle, rather like the sheds in English allotments but far more ostentatious in appearance, although hardly more commodious. In these huts, all scrupulously named

Zigzags in France

—"Mon Désir," "Mon Abri," "Le Nid," "Beau Séjour," "Belle Vue"—few of them with more than two rooms and none with any drainage, French clerks and shop assistants now live in their thousands: all, I suppose, proud to be householders and prouder still to be landowners. Some have attempts at gardens, but no attempts at what we call taste in flowers, a group of marigolds or nasturtiums being sufficient homage to Flora.

The way of the French with flowers has always been perplexing and distressing to the English, and to take such a journey as I have done is only to have those feelings intensified. Between the discordant huddle of their market stalls and the exotic orchids and roses of the expensive Parisian florists there seems to be no medium. But this is a digression: what I wanted to say about the riot of "abriculture" that has set in in France, is that probably not more than one in every hundred of these more-than-jerry-built and insanitary shelters would be passed by any Local Authority in England. France, the land of bureaueracy, is, it would seem, utterly free when it comes to building. I have no idea as to the terms on which these squatters occupy their

Zigzags in France

square yards of " terrain " ; but if it is freehold some one has been very short-sighted, for there can now never be any right development of the suburbs that they cover.

The French house may well be smaller than the English—although the smallness of these abris is often incredible and grotesque—because the French house is a place to leave. In England, where our houses are notoriously our castles, we like to enter and turn the key. But the French live outside their houses far more than in ; indeed, you might almost say that the first duty of the French house is to contain the chairs which the owner and his wife will carry out of doors in order to make the world their sitting-room. All over France I saw French people sitting on chairs outside their houses, the men doing nothing, the women knitting. Even the bedding is constantly endeavouring to push its way through the windows.

VIII. THE BIRDS

For the most part the fair land of France belongs to the peasant. The peasant and the peasant's wife, patient and undefeatable, are the only human beings that you see in the fields :

Zigzags in France

almost the only living things, for cattle are very rare, which probably explains the scarcity and preciousness of milk, and sheep by no means general as in England ; while the only bird that you can be sure of seeing is the magpie.

Une pie, tant pis,
Deux pies, tant mi' !

I murmured to myself all day long. On a wild waste space under the Puy de Dôme I saw a buzzard, and there were lonely sparrow-hawks and crows here and there ; but the bird life to which we are accustomed in the English countryside is absent. I saw with my own eyes only one brace of partridges, although it was September, and two or three chasseurs with a pointer or setter were noted every day.

In England we have nothing to compare with the solitary French chasseur. We either carry our guns in company, as guests or over our own shooting, or we stay at home. Only gamekeepers shoot alone, or farmers in the dusk of the evening when the rabbits' scuts gleam white. But the solitary French chasseur is seen frequently enough to be a symbol of France.

Zigzags in France

IX. THE RIDDLE OF THE COOPS

Even chickens are scarce, which reminds me of a problem, with two facets, which in one form increasingly presents itself to anyone now moving about England: What becomes of all those chickens? and in France, "Where do all the chickens that we eat come from?"

Because in England, as every motorist can testify, there are chickens everywhere, mostly white; not only the half-dozens that have always scratched in cottage gardens or beside the road and fled squawking from the approaching terror; but the hundreds in the paddocks of the detached residences, and the thousands in the large, orderly, and often highly-organized chicken farms which occur every quarter of a mile in whatever direction you travel; with sheds and enclosures and incubators and, somewhere in the adjacent bungalow, account books and ledgers; and, I suppose, not so far away, kestrels and sparrow-hawks sharpening their claws and foxes licking their lips. The old promise to the English farm labourer, of which such fun used to be made, of three acres and a cow, having vanished, it would seem now to a stranger that the countryman's reward was one acre and too many hens,

Zigzags in France

and that every parent in doubt as to what to do with his boy should set him quickly to learn the arts of selling chicken-food and wire-netting, and getting payment for them.

There must to-day be millions of Leghorns where even a year ago there were only scores, and eleven years ago only units. But what becomes of them? Wherever they may stray it would seem never to be towards the kitchen. The oven yawns for them in vain. In spite of the battalions of Rhode Island Reds now surrounding every village, the traveller has no more chance of a chicken, hot or cold, in the village inn, than he had in the old days, before the world suddenly filled with ex-officers poring over the last issue of *Our Feathered Breadwinners*. Nor, threading your way through Wyandottes, were you to knock at the door of the next poultry farmer's and crave permission to share the impending meal, would you find traces of wing, liver wing, breast, or drumstiek, merrythought or leg. In a sea of edible, eligible fowls enisled, you would be offered tinned tongue or Canterbury lamb.

And curiosity is aroused not only by the non-existence of the flesh of the fowl, but of eggs too. Where are the eggs? Here are Buff Orpingtons

Zigzags in France

laying away for dear life ; and yet all over England to-day, just as of old, on breakfast tables with six people sitting at them, is a plate holding three eggs in three egg-cups (often in coseys), setting up afresh that competition in self-sacrifice of which we were all so tired ages ago. The mystery deepens.

And now for the still greater mystery awaiting me on the other side of the Channel. The mystery in England is, What becomes of the dead fowls ? The mystery in France is, Where are the living ? In England, as I say, the traveller sees on every hand chickens, white and black, red and buff, but chiefly white, that are as the sands of the seashore for multitude ; but a tender and toothsome chicken on the table is a rarity—an egg an event. In France he catches sight, very occasionally, here and there, of a lean and sinewy rooster amid a leaner and more sinewy seraglio, yet there is a poulet within rapid reach of every home, be it never so humble, and as likely as not it is preceded by an omelette, which, as proverbial lore assures us, you cannot have without the breaking of eggs. How is this ?

It was Henri IV, was it not, who, in his modest dream of a French Utopia, expressed the wish

Zigzags in France

that every peasant's home should have a poulet in the pot ? Well, the traveller in France to-day, if the inns can be taken as evidence, is able to affirm that that hope is realized. Wherever the chickens of France may, in life, hide themselves, they loyally turn up to time in the *salle-à-manger*, not forgetting salad in their wake. You get the first of them in the restaurant car on the way to Paris, and thereafter, as long as you remain in France, whether in Paris or in the country, roast chickens unfailingly appear. How is this ?

X. A LAND OF PEASANTS

To return to the desolate rural districts, it is not only odd that one sees in the fields nothing but peasants, and in the villages nothing but villagers ; odder still to the English eye is the absence of those others who make up country life with us : the types : the squire, the parson, the parson's wife, the doctör, the schoolboys and school-girls home for the holidays, the shopkeepers. France has, in her village streets, no correlative of the squire. There may be, behind the walls of a neighbouring *château*, a comte and comtesse, but they rarely emerge. It has a priest, but how seldom do you see a priest ! I saw not one in

Zigzags in France

any but churches and the streets of the towns; and of course the parson's wife is non-existent. I saw in all my travels no one who was obviously a doctor; no doctor's car on its rounds. As for the shopkeepers, there is normally but one of each: a butcher, and a grocer who probably bakes as well. And there is no village life during the day, because every one else is in the fields. The land has the first call.

Besides the peasant actually working in the fields and the solitary occasional sportsman, the only wayside figures in France are the goatherds and the cowherds. No one ever seems to be walking between villages; roadmenders are, alas! only too seldom found. But the cowherdess and the goatherdess, with their knitting, and, when they are old, with their camp stools, are frequent. The lack of hedges makes them necessary, but one is surprised that such a practical folk as the French have not invented some kind of temporary movable fence to do away with the necessity of constant watching: particularly as both the young girls and the old women would probably be far more useful in the house. Swineherds I never saw, but in the south goose-girls in plenty, and turkey-girls now and then.

Zigzags in France

XI. THE START

The route to Chartres, where the cathedral is waiting, takes you up the Champs Elysées, down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the most beautiful residential road in the world, through the Bois and along the river to the Pont St. Cloud ; then over the bridge and up the steep winding hill (with the vast panorama of the Bois and Paris and the Eiffel Tower at the first turn), through St. Cloud's upper regions by the edge of the park to Ville d'Avray and so to Versailles.

From Versailles the road runs through St. Cyr, where there is a great military academy, over which a dirigible was performing evolutions. It was there that I noticed the first of the many streets named after Emile Zola. The French are much more disposed to honour their prophets than our country is : I found a Rue Emile Zola often, a Rue Victor Hugo constantly. (Since my return I have been told of several English towns where genius, not always local, is thus commemorated, in addition to the Barrie Avenue that has recently been added to Dumfries.)

It was after St. Cyr, on the high ground, that the communal apple trees began to line the road, heavy and golden with fruit. These I was to

Zigzags in France

find all over France, and never did I see anyone making free with them. Could we, I wonder, in England, where no one is a slave, respect such a right? Again, I doubt it. But the French can.

The other public fruit of France is the walnut. It is indeed the land of walnuts, so much so that in the French language the word "noix" is applied solely to that delicacy, and whatever other nuts may be are given other descriptions: whereas with us *the* nut is the hazel, and the walnut is in a subdivision. While I was in France I noticed a paragraph in a paper stating that the Minister of Agriculture had summoned a conference to inquire into the further potentialities of the walnut. The chestnut, it seems, is found useful by manufacturers of chocolate; possibly the walnut is now also doomed to be pressed into the service of the Substitutors.

XII. WAR MEMORIALS

In a village between St. Cyr and Rambouillet I saw the first of the many war memorials that one now finds all over France. We in England have, in every village, our war memorials too, but in the majority of cases they take the form of tablet-records in the churches or on walls.

Zigzags in France

The French, with their love of sculpture and their dramatic energy, have, even in the tiny villages, their symbolic statuary. I suppose that I saw some hundreds of these, all having a certain resemblance and yet all different: some with a soldier triumphant, sounding a charge, waving a sword, aiming a rifle; some with a soldier dead and an angel bending over him or bearing him to glory: many with the Gallic cock crowing in the pride of victory: and, incised in brass or stone, the names. No village too small to have contributed its martyrs to German arrogance! Certain memorials were still not complete, the more pretentious ones; one or two I saw with the sheeting tied over them ready to be formally unveiled.

There is another feature, less melancholy, common to every village and town, and that is an inn, often the most modest, called the *Hôtel de France*. No hamlet is too minute to boast an *Hôtel de France*. Yet never at home have I seen, or has anyone seen, an *Hotel of England* or *The English Hotel*. When it comes down to bedrock I imagine that most peoples are equally patriotic, equally fond and proud of their native land. But we talk about it less than the French,

Zigzags in France

put less of it in the shop window. These numberless and often very inferior Hôtels de France are an indication ; the naming of streets, of which I have just said something, is another. Every street name in France carries an historical, literary or artistic association, so that an inquisitive child who insisted on replies might learn much of his country's achievement even in a townlet. But do the English do anything like this ? Not often.

Reverting to the matter of hotels, France has its White Horse, and Black Horse too, and sometimes the meanest hostelry will carry the most imposing title, such as Grand Hôtel de l'Univers, which constantly crops up, with broken shutters and, on the pavement, a rickety table and a bicycle stand. I wonder what the first English inn-keeper to adopt the title Grand Hotel thought he was doing. Did he think of "Grand" as "grand" or "great" ? I suspect he thought of it as "grand," and of course that is how every one on our side of the Channel still views the matter, at any rate before we stay there.

XIII. RAMBOUILLET

I wished that I had lunched early at Rambouillet instead of pushing on to Chartres, for

Zigzags in France

Rambouillet has pleasanter inns and is a delightful town to loiter in. Its famous château, on the edge of the great forest in which the King of France used to hunt, is now, four hundred years after the great François the First breathed his last there, one of the homes of the President of the Republic. The park is very beautiful, a compromise between the formality of Versailles and Nature herself.

In the town I found one of the prettiest houses in France, so pretty that I guessed an English or American artist tenant: long and low and white, with shutters soft blue in colour, and red and mauve asters in the windows. The sight of it crystallized in my mind the suspicion that France owes to its shutters much of its charm. They are of all hues, more positive in the north, where the sun is not so hot; more negative in the south, where the greens and reds fade into graciously tender tints. The French shutter, at any rate in the country, does not, however, suggest secrets. In the towns a closed house can have a sinister air, but in the country, no. In fact, there are no half-tones in France at all.

At Maintenon there would perhaps have been a better lunch than at Chartres, but I did not try.

Zigzags in France

Rambouillet stood high ; Maintenon, in a hollow, is on the Eure. In the château here once lived a remarkable woman, Françoise d'Aubigné, who first married and nursed that strange deformed creature Paul Scarron, the satirist ; later became the governess of the children of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan ; later, as Madame de Maintenon, took Madame de Montespan's place ; and ultimately became queen and for many years virtually (and virtuously) ruled France. Having founded the Abbey of St. Cyr, she retired there when her star began to set, and died there in 1719, aged seventy-four. An astonishing career ! Maintenon has, in addition to the château and its bridge, many good buildings, and in October smells deliciously of fallen leaves.

XIV. CHARTRES

Chartres cathedral stands high like Lincoln, rather than low like Canterbury, and you see its spires rising above the fields for some time before you reach the city—just the tops of them—as you see the top of Salisbury's loftier spire above shoulders of the hills as you draw near from the surrounding country : the only sign that an invisible city may lie below.

Zigzags in France

The last time I was at Chartres I travelled by train ; to approach it by car is vastly more exciting. Indeed, whatever may be said against motoring—and I have myself expended no little ink in disapprobation of its haste and noise—the opportunity that it gives of entering towns by their gates, so to speak, is a priceless merit. Not that the car invented this form of access : horses and wayfarers on foot have never done anything else ; but the car is the vehicle of the present and of the future. Sometimes, as at Moret on the Loing, through which I passed on the day before starting on this greater enterprise, the word gates is accurate ; later I was to gain both Carcassonne and Aigues Mortes through actual mediæval portals.

How true it is that in order to know a place you must see it often ! First impressions can be vivid, and their impact of suddenness and freshness is, of course, irrecoverable ; but they can be very misleading too. I first saw Chartres cathedral twenty years ago, and ever since then I have had in my mind's eye stained glass of glorious purple richness. But when I saw it again I found that the glass of reality was not equal to the glass of defective recollection.

Zigzags in France

Nothing else was a disappointment. And the formation of the windows that held the glass was even more beautiful than I had thought ; indeed, the famous rose window over the Portail Royal—La Rose Occidentale—must be one of the loveliest pieces of delicate stone-work in the world : you must go to York to excel it ; which leads to the reflection that in our pleasure in coloured glass we are too apt not to give enough credit to the masons who devised these lace-like frameworks.

I found also that I had completely forgotten that charming figure on a pillar on the north wall who holds out a sundial : l'Ange du Méridien, she is called. I had forgotten further that the spires were so different, and that the " Clocher neuf " (begun in 1134 and finished in 1513) was so much richer than the other and also was crocketted. But the " Clocher vieux " (1145–1160) will do.

I think that the Madonna and Child, known as Notre-Dame de Sous-Terre, is one of the most maternal of all the many sacred figures in which French cathedrals abound. She has large protective hands, and her little son is more human than often happens ; nothing here of the capri-

Zigzags in France

cious mischief of the Madonna of Nôtre-Dame in Paris.

XV. THE LOIRE

We hit the Loire at the steep town of Blois, so steep that its streets now and then give up the struggle and become frankly flights of steps. To gain the famous château, standing high on its hill, you need either strong legs or a powerful car. Having at the moment both, I chose the latter. It was odd to remember that this château, now nothing but a lure for tourists, surrounded by picture-postcard shops, was once a very hotbed of intrigue and tragedy ; for it was here that the Duc de Guise, being a tiresome obstacle in the path of Henri III, had to be assassinated ; and you see the fatal spot, and, in an adjoining Musée, a lurid painting of the outrage, with the duke in green stretched lifeless on the floor, while his enemy peeps in to hear the glad news. The duke's brother the Cardinal was also put away in this fatal building. Here Catherine de Médicis, past mistress of schemes and convenient removals, breathed her last. Here Marie de Médicis (whom Rubens apotheosized so exuberantly and often ludicrously in the Louvre) was for a while a

Zigzags in France

prisoner by the order of her son Louis XIII, or, more accurately, of Cardinal Richelieu. Here François Premier swaggered, and I am glad he did so, for part of his swagger was the very beautiful winding staircase in the courtyard, which curls its way up a pentagonal frame most exquisitely proportioned and carved.

The château as a whole is anything but sinister, and the principal façade, in red brick and stone, with Louis XII in armour on horseback under his elaborate canopy, does nothing but smile, although on the other side there is a row of gargoyles, not unlike the devils of Nôtre-Dame, who seem to be aware of the past. But of course the most famous of all the château sculptures, or at any rate the nearest and dearest to the simple and easily-satisfied French taste, is that which represents a mother about to chastise, in the most rudimentary of all ways, a naughty child : known as "La Correction Maternelle."

From Blois the road to Tours is beside the Loire all the way, first on the right bank, then on the left as far as Amboise, and then on the right again. It is a fine serene river with many sand shoals in the middle, and the banks are like a series of Daubignys. A curious feature is the

Zigzags in France

limestone cliffs, vertical as walls, that mark its bed. You see similar boundaries to the Seine about Honfleur, but they are not so domesticated as those of the Loire, where stables, cellars, and even extra living-rooms have been excavated.

At Amboise we stopped to look at the famous château, with its blood-stained history and its memories of Dumas (the brave Bussy !) and of Leonardo da Vinci. It is superbly placed on the cliff, with miles of the Loire at its feet, and on this golden afternoon the château was the placidest place on earth, and anything but the scene of such a slaughter of Huguenots as occurred there in 1560, under the eyes, as it chanced, of Mary Queen of Scots, who was a sojourner there at the time. It was our old friend François Premier who offered the aged and weary Leonardo a haven at Amboise during his last days. Not in the great château, but near by, although it is in the chapel of the château that Leonardo's remains are reputed to lie. Standing on the terrace one may feel assured that the fair prospect beneath is almost identically that on which the old master's eyes, that had seen and understood so much—almost too much—also rested.

Zigzags in France

XVI. TOURAINE

It was thrilling to be in Touraine, and even though I saw no abbeys nor heard the laughter resounding upon a droll story the statue of Balzac in an open space in Tours seemed right: the recognizable Balzac of daily desk-life, not the strange synthetic figure of Rodin's imagination. But Tours is not droll; it has a staid and formal air; and my hotel was a centre of respectability. I forget its name, but an English hydro could not have been more sedate. There we sat, at little tables, many of the diners in evening dress and most of them talking English, not a few nasally. Worse attendance I never met with until I ordered a partridge (15 francs extra), when it dawned upon the maître d'hôtel that I might be worth looking after. But in France, on the regular tourist routes, and in Paris everywhere, attendance has gone to the devil. "It's the Americans," said a traveller to me: "having nothing else to do, they ruin restaurants. It's their only industry. The women confide in the waiters and the men never send anything back."

I have to put it on record also that the bottles in which the best "vin du pays" is served at

Zigzags in France

this Tours hotel are a scandal and a shame, for they are not full size, to begin with, and the "kick" in them is pathetically and disgracefully overdone. Thus can the modern post-war hôtelier punish his Allies and guests! But it was well managed upstairs, and my bathroom had in it that comforting thing, a very low chair.

In the morning I found I had so bad a cold that it seemed wise to get quickly to the sea, and so instead of exploring what the excursion offices call "Château-land," I was away early for Bordeaux and Arcachon. At Arcachon, the papers said, there was sunshine and warmth, neither of which was conspicuous in Touraine.

XVII. POITIERS

The road is uneventful till you come to Montbazon, a charming little town on the Indre, with a square block of a castle dominating it, which in its turn is dominated by a figure of the Madonna. One sees these commanding statues often in France, the two most famous being, I suppose, those at Le Puy on the rock, and at Marseilles, on the spire of that church which is at once a comfort to the sinner and a beacon to mariners.

Zigzags in France

To what extent, I wonder, do these holy statues influence ; or do they become merely objects of habit, as much a part of the landscape as the trees and the roads ? The French are not imaginative ; but imaginative things have been done in France, and these benign figures, signifying so much of sweetness and tenderness, poised in mid-air, surely owe their existence to some one with more than the ordinary material mind.

On the next day lunch was at a poor hotel at the top of a steep street in Poitiers, where, if I had antedated my visit by nearly four centuries, I should have been on English soil. Shades of Edward the Black Prince ! I did so little exploring that I came upon no relic of Diana, and so must retain as my most vivid impression of that powerful lady the naïve portrait of her at Chantilly, taking her breakfast in her bath.

After Poitiers, Angoulême, also massed on a high bank, with a Romanesque church on the summit and brandy merchants in its streets. For the Charente is contiguous, where the best Cognac is distilled ; and at the Chapon Fin in Bordeaux, that famous ancient restaurant, I saw later in the day, in the middle of the room, on a table which is almost an altar, two massive

Zigzags in France

bottles, isolated in ceremonial state, one containing the best Cognac and the other the best Armagnac, a rival fluid and beverage of heroes. But before Bordeaux could be attained we had to cross that wonderful bridge, at a dizzy height, over the Dordogne, at Libourne.

XVIII. THE MEDOC

Bordeaux I have never liked, and it is associated in my mind with continuous bad weather. On this last visit, however, the sun shone, and the shipping in the Garonne exerted its punctual spell.

When I was there for a fortnight some years ago the daily excitement was to see the bore creep up from the Atlantic at the turn of the tide. Sometimes it was a foot high, and you knew of its approach by the restlessness of the masts down-stream. On one afternoon, I remember, it was so urgent as to snap cable after cable with a loud report and hustle and tumble the great vessels about like paper boats.

But on this occasion I missed it, and my latest memories of Bordeaux are chiefly of eating downstairs in the Chapon Fin, and eating very well, and then of being eaten by mosquitoes upstairs

Zigzags in France

later in the night. They were my first mosquitoes on this journey, and the fear they implanted never left me. It was not, however, till I reached Montpellier that I bought the many yards of netting under which, bride-like, I was to repose in security. In vain did they sound their last trumps after that. I heard them, it is true : nothing is so certain to wake me ; but I listened without tears.

From Bordeaux I made a tour of the Médoc district, incited thereto by that best of books, the Wine List of the Chapon Fin. Since champagne and whisky-and-soda drove claret from restaurants, our own wine lists have become very dull ; but at the Chapon Fin the waiter opens at the “ Bordeaux Rouge ” section, where in London his confrères use every artifice to induce you to order yellow liquids at a shilling a sparkle. Of Bordeaux Rouge there are many pages in the Chapon Fin Wine List, and all are poetry.

My choice at dinner had been a Pape Clément, and how thrilling it was the next morning to see the words “ Pape Clément ” over the gates of a vineyard a mile or so outside the city ! That was the first of many. Later in the day we came to some of the real châteaux, of which the Château

Zigzags in France

Beycheville remains in the mind as the most imposing.

The grapes were being picked by little companies of villagers, here, there and everywhere, while we continually met or overtook carts containing barrels of grapes on their way to the presses. On the railway journey from London to Folkestone, when passing the Kentish hop gardens full of Whitechapel pickers, I had remarked the dinginess of their clothes. How different from the grape-pickers of France! I had thought. But I was wrong. The grape-pickers are dingy too, no bright hues being present. If I had thought longer I should have remembered that black is the colour of France. Amusing that the typical figure of that country in so many people's imagination is a saucy girl with little or nothing on, whereas in reality it is an old woman in mourning.

Albert's ingratiating smile unlocked a wine-press—that of a well-known and honoured vintage—and I watched half a dozen men with purple naked feet splashing about as they swept the débris of stalks into another huge receptacle for further squeezing, the liquor that results being, I understand, the peasants' special tipple. As

Zigzags in France

for the premier cru of 1924, I listened to it “working” in the mighty vats, and I hope I shall live to taste some when its time arrives.

Albert took me as far—vineyards, vineyards all the way—as Pauillac, a sleepy little town with a wine-quay on the bank of the Garonne, and then we turned back. Had we gone a little farther we should have come to Château Lafite itself, where the choicest grapes are grown, and then to St. Estèphe, to whose juices I resorted for restoration in every hotel in France at which, after my extravagances at the Chapon Fin, I stayed. But the sun was sinking and we still had a long way to go through the Landes to reach Arcachon.

XIX. ARCACHON

Let me say at once that the Landes, both north of Arcachon and south of it, were a disappointment, because not one single pair of stilts did I see, not one habitation on posts among the waters. As long as I can remember—I expect the impression dates from reading that most delightful book of instruction, *Near Home*—I have had visions of the inhabitants of a curious aqueous district of France called the Landes, moving about the floods on legs like a stork's.

Zigzags in France

Well, we covered altogether, in this vast region, many hundreds of kilometres, but all the water that was visible was contained within the borders of well-organized lakes. Since *Near Home* was written—and I wonder if that, and its even more fascinating companion volume, *Far Off*, are still such joy to the young as they were to me?—since *Near Home* was written, the indomitable French engineer has been busy; drainage has done its work, and instead of water you now find pine forests stretching for countless miles with a little tin-can tied to every trunk.

The last time I was in a country of trees with cups attached to them it was when I was in the Straits Settlements. Then the trunks were yielding rubber; in the Landes they yield the sticky gum without which there would, I suppose, be no string music and no oil painting: no Kreislers and no William Orpens; for from this exudation we get resin for the violinist's strings and turpentine for the artist's palette.

On any drive south of Arcachon towards Bayonne one passes also through more heather than, it would seem, Scotland possesses, but with no Lauder to laud it. Now and then among the turpentine trees, on the edge of the road, is a line

Zigzags in France

of cork trees, stripped to a man's height and anointed with some dark preservative, with here and there a dead one with long pathetic fingers stretched imploringly out. The fir may rule hereabouts, but, of course, the real tree of France is that which also dominates London—the plane.

I reached Arcachon too late in the season to see it at its best, but I saw enough to want to go again. For children it is an absolute paradise, and I was struck by the fact that on the sands and in the water—if only there—the French child and the English child are on an equality of high spirits and joyful adventurousness. At Arcachon there is always sand and always a calm, warm, shallow sea ; and, so far as I could observe, the many boats are practically communal. At any rate, I saw no one ever exercising any authoritative proprietary rights. The one which I hired cost ten francs a day, ten francs being then a little under two shillings ; but I shall always be saddened by the thought that, with a little enterprise, I could probably have had it for nothing.

The sea at Arcachon is almost land-locked, in the manner of Southampton Water, and little steamers make the round of it all day long, their

Zigzags in France

farthest point being Cap Ferret. In the midst are islands, one inhabited by fishermen and the others by birds. The town itself is mostly villas and summer bungalows, with a few hotels and more than a few candy and patisserie shops. There is also a casino, where the rank and file risk their francs at Boule, and the more reckless, after displaying their passports and obtaining the necessary permission from the Government official in attendance, may adventure upon Baccarat.

But the place as a whole is exceedingly simple and jolly and not in the least in competition with the fashionable and frivolous resorts of the northern French coast. Unlike these too, Arcachon has a winter season, when the hotels and villas a little inland among the pine-woods, as at Bournemouth in England, fill up and lungs are healed. At the time of my visit the builders were feverishly busy in developing a forest suburb called Pyla, mainly in the interests of poitrinaires.

Arcachon's other attraction, in addition of course to cinemas and musical cafés, is its Aquarium, which promises "Poissons vivants" all day, and "Repas de Poisson" from 2 to 4. All the fish have been caught in the bassin, as the inlet

Zigzags in France

is called, and all have the beauty that fish cannot escape. I remember with most clearness a tank of little sea-horses with their delicate filigree fins rippling down their backs.

Arcachon and its vicinity have the sharpest contrast in costume that I ever saw, for the garb of the true tripper who walks on the sands or rows in boats or sits on the pier consists of scarlet trousers, blue shirt and a white hat, a choice influenced possibly by his country's flag ; whereas in the neighbouring fields and villages the women are in black with black sunbonnets.

And all this while I have said not a word as to Arcachon's greatest merit, Arcachon's first title to fame : its oysters. The oysters of Arcachon many good French judges put before all the others, Marennes or Belons, although you seldom see them in Paris restaurants. This particular variety of mollusc dwells in a corrugated rugged stronghold shaped like a prizefighter's ear, the deep shell having more briny juice in it than any other that I have met with. In England there is a lamentable tendency to serve the oyster on the shallow shell and thus permit all its moisture to escape. We also sever it from its abode—and with a steel knife : a horrible barbarity contrary

Zigzags in France

to all sound gustation. We in England also are asked by restaurateurs (themselves possibly the victims of a fishmongers' ring) to pay six-pence each for miserable little creatures that too often resemble in taste (and also in size) nothing so much as bad farthings. At Arcachon I got them, fresh and plump and exquisite, at four francs a dozen, and no doubt outside the hotel I should have been asked less.

One thing more : at Arcachon I found a shop-keeper named Ulysse Mule.

XX. INGRES

It was to see the Ingres museum that I included Montauban in the route, for the town itself did not promise any great interest ; although the old bridge is fine, and the arcaded market-place is one of the most foreign spots in the whole country and curiously like the market-place at San Sebastian, which used to be the old bull-fight arena. The Montauban arcade is double, and in the middle of the square, where the marketers chaffer under blue umbrellas, the stalls are glorious with the great golden pumpkins of France, which everywhere had been lying about in the fields awaiting Mr. Brangwyn's

Zigzags in France

sumptuous brush. I had thought of Mr. Brangwyn before I found, in the museum, representations by him, a master of bridges, of both the old Montauban bridge and the new.

Besides these fine bridges, Montauban has a store of attractive old buildings, constructed of tiny red bricks, with little towers and turrets to give them an added charm ; but its most noticeable peculiarity is its pavement of black and white pebbles inlaid in patterns.

For Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780–1867) I have always had admiration and respect rather than affection. His stern impeccability has a coldness that repels ; his want of any richness or subtlety as a colourist is discouraging too. But the sensitiveness of which that marvellously precise hand was capable when it held the pencil which created some of his little portraits atones for all. At Montauban, although there are very few paintings, there are drawings and studies in great numbers ; but his most charming side is not represented. One can follow the scientific growth of a sincere uncompromising master ; but for the great mature accomplishment one must go elsewhere, chiefly to the Louvre, where the “*Œdipus*” hangs, and the

Zigzags in France

“Source,” the “Bain Turc,” the “Odalisque,” the many portraits and the “Apotheosis of Homer.” Montauban has principally the seed : not the flower.

Perhaps the principal treasure of the museum in the eyes of its curator is the work left by Ingres to the town, painted when the master was eighty-two, representing the boy Jesus confounding the Doctors in the Temple. It was not an easy subject to treat and Ingres does not convince. The Doctors have thrown away their books and are exchanging nonplussed glances ; but the intellectual superiority of the Child would not be guessed at, if one did not know the story.

Although the museum has only this late work, drawings and studies, and a few copies, in the cathedral is the famous picture “Le Vœu de Louis XIII,” painted in 1824, which turned public opinion in Ingres’ favour and put an end to the long period of privation (he was born in Montauban forty-four years before) which he had been suffering. Thenceforward he was recognized as a great painter, and when Horace Vernet died and left the post vacant, Ingres settled down to honourable ease, although never idleness, as the Director of the French School of Art

Zigzags in France

at Rome. He lived to be eighty-seven and retained his faculties to the last. The peculiarity of his "Vœu de Louis XIII" is its incorporation of a detail from the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, who was always his favourite Old Master. It hangs in the Old Sacristy of the cathedral, the plainest and most forbidding church in France.

The Ingres museum is a noble tribute to the man, and hero-worship could not be carried much further than in the little room where his personal effects are gathered in glass cases: his copy of the *Iliad*, his palettes and brushes, his spectacles, and his violin, for he began his career as a musician, and even when only a boy brought down the theatre at Toulouse by his playing in a concerto.

XXI. CARCASSONNE

Between Montauban and Toulouse a new crop appears in the fields—a large flat-leaved plant which I discovered to be tobacco. But what becomes of it I did not ascertain. Could I have bought it for my pipe? I made no effort, anyway. There are limits to human courage.

Of Toulouse I have no very happy impressions, and some miserable ones, for the mosquitoes that I had escaped at Montauban were mobilized

Zigzags in France

there in strength. Let me warn visitors to this town (which is full of pretty but very small girls) against the hotels and restaurants recommended by Baedeker, and advise them to go to the Regina, which is good. It was a pleasure to leave Toulouse and start early the next morning on the golden journey to Carcassonne.

We reached that incredible hill fortress on a bitterly cold morning a whole hour before lunch was ready in the only hotel ; and “ only hotels ” cannot be hurried. I say incredible because Carcassonne is of course too good to be true. How can there exist in such a state of preservation so perfect a fulfilment of all our dreams of romance ?—a mediæval castle of such dimensions obeying all the rules of position and fortification ? For there it is, above you, on its rock, with the walls of the right thickness, pierced by the right gateways and surmounted by the right towers—fifty-four of them !—with all the proper draw-bridges and battlements and crenellations and machicolations and turrets and extinguishers : every detail exact and in a state of almost perfect preservation.

Were it not for certain evidences of authentic solidity you would say that Carcassonne had been

Zigzags in France

built for a film ; and as a matter of fact a film, one of the inhabitants told me, has recently been taken there ; and very glad they all were, she added, when it was finished !

The inhabitants, I may say, came rather as a shock, for one does not expect streets of residences within such walls ; but Carcassonne being now a tourists' paradise, there must of necessity be shops for souvenirs and picture-postcards, and shops for antiquities, while the hotel is of the most modern, with a wine list whose prices reach an altitude far beyond those of any other eating place in France. It is, however, a good hotel and lunch, when it came, was excellent, if costly. I ate it at a table next to the one at which three American ladies were greeting three other American ladies whom they had not seen in years ; and you can guess what that means in volubility. It was the chauffeur of one of these two parties, I fancy, who afterwards, just outside the chapel, offered to sell me a second-hand car : " enclosed drive, perfect for a doctor." So you see that modernity has successfully stormed this stronghold of the past.

The chapel is charming—l'Église des Saints Nazaire et Celse—with its gay coloured figures

Zigzags in France

of saints—St. Michael and St. Joan of Arc—and its white walls and rich glass. I was led to it by two small boys who encouraged my steps by continually remarking “Good-bye.”

Two things I remember about the Carcassonne hotel, besides the welcomeness of its shelter and refreshment and the dimensions of the bill, and those are the dish of hot boiled chestnuts at the end of the meal and the little jar of the delicate scented honey of Narbonne which the waiter gave me.

XXII. THE TURKEYS

From Carcassonne to Montpellier the road runs through Béziers, which appears to be the very centre of the wine industry of this part of France. There had been wine-presses at work in all the villages, and carts containing grapes we had continually met or passed ; but at Béziers seem to be gathered together all the barrels of the south. They are piled high in the streets, and piled high beside the railway lines, waiting to be carried east and west, north and south. Barrels and bottles, bottles and barrels, where are they all made ? I saw no factory of either.

In the fields the goose-girl (who is usually a

Zigzags in France

very old woman or very old man) with flocks of soft grey waddlers now became a common sight, for foie gras is cultivated hereabouts; and companies of black turkeys are frequent too. Black turkeys! At these simple words my pen falters, for it was not far from Montpellier that, suddenly, without any foreboding of calamity, a dozen of those fine but foolish creatures began to cross the road at a moment when the car was doing its forty to fifty miles an hour; and there was nothing for it but to go through them. The following exercise in laconics then occurred.

Albert. "How many?"

Normally humane author (looking back).
"Four."

We were nighest the sea (since Arcachon) at Agde, but the sea was no longer the Atlantic ocean but the tideless Mediterranean. Agde, like Arcachon, is on an inlet, and I watched a haul of fish being transferred from one of the little sailing boats to the quay, while the old women of Agde bargained and bought. Civilization may do its worst, but some things can never be changed and never will, and chief among these is our interest in a haul of fish. And save for some trifling differences of costume (and very

Zigzags in France

likely not any difference at all) these old women were precisely the same old women who were bargaining at Agde for fish a thousand years ago.

XXIII. MONTPELLIER

I think of Montpellier as one of the pleasantest towns in France. It stands high, with mountains all about—the Pyrenees and the Cevennes—and keen invigorating air blowing from their summits; it has a cheerful populace, prosperous shops and buildings, two public gardens better kept than any that I saw in France, and, I therefore deduce, a very good Mayor. The best of these public gardens is the famous Peyron, which has an immense view of the Pyrenees turning purple at eve, and, at its western extremity, a most charmingly proportioned hexagonal pavilion, a Château d'Eau, which forms the terminal point of the stately aqueduct of St. Clément.

Another recollection that I find I have carried away from Montpellier is of a sweetmeat which, as far as I know, is peculiar to that town. It is made in the form of a heart and it blends two of the most alluring flavours that exist, quince and honey.

Zigzags in France

Sitting in one of the large friendly cafés of Montpellier, where a band played and each table had its gaming party, I thought again of the frugality of these people, and the modesty of their demands upon life. The good sense of it all, too ! No rapacity on the part of the proprietors, no extravagance expected or given. They were at liberty to spend the whole evening, listening to the music, talking or playing cards or dominoes, for the price of a single cup of coffee. And all together, not as in our English way, segregated, the men standing in public-houses, the women lonely at home.

Watching these French parties when the time came to pay, I noticed again how carefully the respective liabilities are worked out, to be individually discharged ; for in France the rule each one for himself is practised far more than with us. Not merely with regard to payments such as these, but in life itself. We English often come to realize it, but in France it is taught, and the French youth has thus fewer bitter disillusionments ahead of him. In an estaminet the workman with a companion pays for his own drink far oftener than his English correlative in a public-house. The War, with its jostling

Zigzags in France

of Allies, introduced the English and American habit of standing treat; but only the young French officers with a touch of Anglomania adopted it, and I should guess that even they have forgotten it by now.

The Montpellier picture gallery, founded by the portrait painter François Xavier Paseal Fabre (1766–1837), is one of the most attractive in provincial France. It has not too much—or not much too much—it has both good pictures and interesting pictures and the catalogue is a model. The principal treasure is the portrait of a young man possibly by Raphael; the most popular work is a very pretty Carlo Dolci, “Madonna and Child”; the biggest surprise is to find Sir Joshua Reynolds’ “Infant Samuel.” There is as good a Terburg as you could ask for, a perfect Paul Potter, a portrait of Byron by Géricault, and a charming draped figure in marble by Houdon.

Since Fabre’s time the collection has been continuously enriched and some of the moderns are well represented, while Montpellier’s own artistic sons, such as Fabre himself and Cabanal, have much honour. A special feature is the number of portraits of the great artists of the middle of

Zigzags in France

the last century, either by themselves or their confrères, such as Delacroix and Courbet. But even more noticeable is the number of representations of a certain delicate refined face, with long nose, cavernous eyes and a silky pointed fair beard. This languid intriguing countenance must occur half a dozen times in the same room ; sometimes in portraits, sometimes in figure subjects, as when Delacroix with knapsack and staff meets its owner in the desert, much like Stanley and Livingstone, and again when Glaize paints him in his cabinet in a blue dressing-gown and striped trousers, for all the world like the decadent brother in Trollope's *Barchester Towers*. This much-painted gentleman was Monsieur Bruyas, connoisseur and friend of artists, who lived in Montpellier and left his collection to the town.

XXIV. AIGUES MORTES

The day's run from Montpellier to Marseilles was over the flats and among the estuaries of the Rhone—very like Essex. France has few cars on its roads, and hereabouts none at all. Indeed, the infrequency of cars was a continual surprise to me. Paris has so many that the preservation of one's life there is a perpetual miracle ;

Zigzags in France

but directly you leave Paris they diminish in number and in the wilder parts there are none. A few camions, but almost no one touring for pleasure. This is one difference between France and England, where cars are numerous everywhere ; another is that in France you seldom see a woman driving—in all my journeys I saw but two—whereas in England they are steadily increasing in number, if not in ability to keep a line.

I said of Carcassonne that it was a surprise to find it inhabited by anyone, even picture-postcard sellers ; but you are prepared for the busy streets of Aigues Mortes, although they are enclosed by ramparts no less solid, picturesque and obsolete. Being so remote, Aigues Mortes (which means dead waters) has kept more of its character. You come to it by causeways amid the salt lagoons round an isolated gate tower seven hundred years old—standing solitary as a lighthouse. Then more causeway and the town itself, just beyond the basin of a canal packed with wine barges, the railway station, and a modern house or two and restaurant. Having passed these you are confronted by a mediæval fortress still intact, with its fifteen towers and ten gates, and,

Zigzags in France

as at Carcassonne, all the fitting romantic detail. The moat has gone ; otherwise it is almost as Philip the Bold left it, in the thirteenth century. Philip was the son of Louis IX, or Saint Louis, who sailed from Aigues Mortes for the Crusades first in 1248 and again in 1270, and who stands to the town as Joan of Arc to Orleans. His statue is in the market-place, and in the church is an oil painting of his embarkation.

The three chief sights of Aigues Mortes—next to itself, which is the real sight—are St. Louis' Tour de Constance, which during its long life has been a fortress and Huguenot prison and now serves as a look-out station ; the Tour des Bourguignons, where a company of invading Burgundians were thrown to die in the fifteenth century ; and the beautiful old house built on an arcade in the street named after Gambetta. St. Louis and Gambetta—thus do the centuries link !

XXV. LES SAINTES MARIES

Between Aigues Mortes and Les Saintes Maries are twenty miles of marsh and lake, and here is the actual sea, which both at Agde and Aigues Mortes was still distant. For years and years

Zigzags in France

I have had Les Saintes Maries hovering before me as one of those Promised Places which must be seen. But I had better have fostered the dream, for the reality was disappointing. The town is dirty, the plage (for bathers from Arles and Nimes come here in the summer) is squalid, and the food at the best hotel ("cuisine soignée") was uneatable, partly because it was so poor, and partly because the flies had preceded me. I must admit, however, to entertainment of another kind, for during the whole of the meal I could watch, through the window, the bulky landlord, in Provençal slippers, with his gun, stalking a little bird. Again and again when he was almost near enough to blow it to atoms (as must have resulted) some interruption occurred. At the end of lunch he was crouching behind a tree only a tenth of his own girth.

Les Saintes Maries, as all the world knows, takes its name from the circumstance that Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of James, and Mary of Bethany, accompanied by Lazarus, Martha and St. Maximinus, landed here in the first century A.D. Mary of Bethany and Mary the mother of James remained at Les Saintes Maries and were buried there—you may see their relics in the

Zigzags in France

church. St. Maximinus, after a life devoted to preaching Christianity to the Provençals, was buried in the little town named after him, with the lovely church, near Gardanne. Lazarus seems to have ministered in Marseilles, while Martha settled in Tarascon, dividing her time between converting the Tartarins and slaying a local dragon. The Magdalen retired penitently to a cave now known as La Sainte Baume, behind Marseilles, where she was fed by manna from Heaven and tended by angels; her relics are preserved both at St. Maximin and at Vézelay.

There remains to be mentioned another member of this little party of Christians, who, though the humblest of them in station, has since her death at Les Saintes Maries—she is buried in the crypt—exerted the strangest if not the strongest influence. This is Sarah, the handmaid of the travellers, who being, according to the legend, an Egyptian, has been adopted by the Egyptians of France—in other words, the gipsies—as their patron saint. (How difficult to think of our own caravan dwellers with such a figure for reverence before their eyes!) The two Marys are honoured by thousands of ordinary pilgrims on May 24 and 25

Zigzags in France

every year, when the church is an object of veneration ; Sarah receives her tattered devotees at the end of each October. All over France I had come upon little knots of these “ Nomads ” and upon notice-boards referring to them : either “ defending ” ground from their encampments or signifying that they might pitch their tents there. After visiting Les Saintes Maries I looked at every gipsy with a new interest.

XXVI. MARSEILLES

I wish I could have stayed longer in Marseilles, for it is a city that has always fascinated me and not less so since I read Conrad's romance *The Arrow of Gold*, with its analysis of the complex charm of the Cannebière. I was there long enough to loiter on the terrace of the perfectly-placed Restaurant de la Réserve, looking out over the bay ; to resist (having learned my lesson eight years ago) the blandishments of the steamer tout who promises a visit to the Château d'If but only takes you near it ; to sit again on the pavement of the Cannebière (which is the next best thing to sitting outside the Café de la Paix in Paris) ; to dine again at Isnard's (but, alas ! bouillabaisse was being served only at lunch) ; and next

Zigzags in France

morning to renew my acquaintance with the versatility of the local Michael Angelo, the vigorous if not very subtle Pierre Puget, and to see again the beautiful frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes. I have been in many cities that are actually more populous than Marseilles, but none so gives the impression of seething ; and none, as Conrad says, is more cosmopolitan.

The contrast between Marseilles and its almost immediate neighbourhood to the east is extraordinary ; in the whole of France I saw no wilder and more desolate region than that waste of rocks on the road to Cassis. Save for the chasseurs and their dogs (as usual, wholly out of control) there were no signs of life, and had it not been Sunday morning there would not have been even those. I saw not a bird of any species. Once a chasseur discharged his piece, but he made no effort to follow it up.

Cassis, where the road hits the sea, is the first of a series of little old harbours, now transformed to bathing resorts, along the coast. La Ciotat comes next, and then Bandol, which struck me as charming and well worth the attention of English birds of passage flying south for the winter.

Zigzags in France

As we neared Toulon, as I have said earlier, the game of boules set in, all among the traffic, and even between the tram lines, while in the centre of Toulon itself huge crowds were gathered about the contests in a great open space, every other man being from a French battleship, with a little round button a-top. But at Toulon we did not stop; hurrying on to Hyères for lunch.

My idea had been to spend a day or so on the island of Porquerolles, but it was the end of the season (although not yet the beginning of the season at Hyères) and the regular service of steamers and motor-boats had stopped. Instead, we pushed on to Cannes by a road which brought us out at the Gulf of Fréjus, where there are now miles of blackened wilderness, the relics of a fire a year or so ago.

Fréjus had two articles of interest: one for Albert, a petrol shop, and one for me, a Roman amphitheatre. And at St. Raphael, by the statue of Rodin, there was the sea again, which we kept beside us all the way to Cannes, and in the warmth of which I was to revel every morning for a week. It was indeed for this that I had come so far!

Zigzags in France

XXVII. THE TABLES

The sea in the mornings ; in the afternoons Monte Carlo, by way of one of the three marvellous roads, of which Napoleon's Grande Corniche is still the finest. There may be more exciting highways than this marvel of engineering, but I have not travelled on them. And again the thought constantly recurred : How could our ancestors in the days before steam, apart altogether from the days before petrol, face the Continental tour ? Yet they did, and apparently without fear or misgiving. What leisure, what patience, what fortitude, must have been theirs ! Perhaps, above all, what curiosity !

It was too early for any of the great Riviera resorts. Cannes had but two hotels open ; at Nice the huge bizarre Negresco made a show of welcoming the stranger, but within its imposing portals there were twenty hammering workmen to every guest ; at Monte Carlo the more famous hotels and restaurants were closed, and in the harbour was but one ordinary yacht and one four-masted schooner yacht, while pigeons might fly without fear. None the less, each afternoon I had to wait for an hour before I could get a seat at any of the tables. The best

Zigzags in France

and most notorious gamblers may have been absent—no Grand Dukes, none of the faces whom we identify by reading from left to right (or is it from right to wrong?): but people of another kind thronged the place just the same, many of them English, many of them American, and all apparently happy.

I heard no suicidal pistol report; I saw no one being provided with a second class ticket to his home, as in the stories. But everything else was true to tradition, and the procession of croupiers and table controllers, with their sleepless eyes and white faces, their black clothes and dyed hair, corresponded in every detail with my anticipations; while also, being always a poor hand at protecting my property, I was in the accepted fashion twice the victim of rapacious old women who grabbed my winnings as their own.

I make no claim to being a good gambler. To lose at the tables or on the turf always strikes me as the least satisfactory way of being parted from one's money. Perhaps I can best explain my mental position if I say that although I consistently won at Trente-et-un, I was much more amused by not winning at Roulette.

Zigzags in France

XXVIII. FRAGONARD AND GRASSE

Grasse clings to the sides of the mountains some ten miles north of Cannes, a prosperous gay town, clean and white and almost more than healthy—hardy. Life there is like *hors d'œuvres* to the Alpine banquet. This cluster of white habitations and aromatic factories I had always wanted to visit, both for itself and for the sake of that adorable artist whose name seems to have been invented to describe a painter occupied solely with daintiness and charm and born in a town famous for its scent—Fragonard. The words Fragonard and fragrant have a close kinship and they are in communion in Grasse, where, on my visit, the surrounding gardens were filled with jasmine blooms, and women and children picking them on every side.

Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732–1806) has his statue—the French never allow a distinguished son of France to lack that—and his Musée too : a very attractive mansion which once belonged to the Marquise de Sabran, the sister of Mirabeau, and was given to the town in 1918. It has been sparsely but tastefully furnished as a record of what kind of houses the old Provençal nobility lived in, and also as a tribute to the

Zigzags in France

memory of the Grasse painter and his family.

There is too little of Fragonard in this pretty house, and nothing to set beside his most famous works : a few drawings, such as a child's head, an old lady, a "Jardinière," and his sisters in sepia ; an oil painting of a nymph startled while bathing. Where would Fragonard be but for nymphs ready to be startled while bathing ? Where would Boucher be, and all those other sportive scholars of the *École Galante* ?

But Fragonard is the most cherishable. He may not have drawn like Watteau or painted with the dashing decision of Boucher, but he brought a bloom of his own and he mixed with his naughty sophistication the most charming hints of innocence.

Among the other articles of interest, chief is the bust of la Marquise de Sabran by Houdon. Some of the furniture is perfect, and the visitor must not forget to see the kitchen downstairs.

I wanted to lunch at Grasse, but Albert was too strong and insisted on driving on to a favourite summer resort, the Pont du Loup, a little bridge with restaurants on each side of it, in a deep gorge in which every inch has some vulpine association. As it happened, Albert was right ;

Zigzags in France

but the experiment was risky as the hour was very late. In France it is too easy to postpone lunch until it has lost all savour. Afterwards Albert whirled his car up and up among the rocks to the tiny hamlet of Gourdon, which is perched on the very tip of one of those stony peaks, with astonishing views of the wolf's valley beneath, the Riviera coast and, on fine days, a distant blur called Corsica. Gourdon consists of a church, a huddle of houses, a number of bird-cages with birds twittering in them, a villa in its own grounds now occupied by an American lady, and a War memorial—a relief of a dead soldier under a cross—recording the names of seven “héros.” In the winter it is so cold here that the whole population retires to a reserve village below.

Albert, who is on his own ground in the Riviera, where he drives parties every winter, with Nice as his head-quarters, then insisted on a visit to a scent factory, where he no doubt received a commission on my extravagance. Had I been wise, I should not have given way, for scents—and, even more, scent-bottles—are irresistible; and these seemed to me to be far too dear. But the new “flacons” can be so pretty and the new names so seductive. “Carino,” for example,

Zigzags in France

which “revèle indéfiniment à celles qui l’ont employé son charme peu commun,” the “souvenir” of which is “inoubliable.”

XXIX. THE MOUNTAIN LUNCH

The first heavy snow of the autumn ruined my northern journey from Cannes. The plan was to reach Grenoble by way of Barcelonnette and La Grave, all among the French Alps, with the Swiss giants not too far away ; and everything was going splendidly until we were turned back, just before the first real pass.

The road is by way of Grasse, and immediately Grasse is left behind it becomes wild and steep. Immense valleys of rocks, with almost no sign of life between village and village ; rivers that were beginning to be torrents ; and in the distance snow-clad peaks. The road so continually turns that in actual crow-flight distance very little progress is made, and a compass would behave like a dervish ; but the mileage is heavy. Our first stop was at an inn in the ancient and bitterly cold town of Castellane, where Albert and I drank coffee and the car petrol. This grim little place is in the shadow of a perpendicular rock soaring high into the sky, with the Madonna

Zigzags in France

and Child on its edge blessing the Castellanians, who, I am sure, need it.

Then beside the river Verdon, through St. André de Méouilles and Thorème and Colmers, hoping that each of these villages might provide an acceptable lunching place. In vain. But at Allos to postpone eating any longer was an impossibility. The town was far from inviting; the two or three inns gave no sign of welcome; they were very old and very much in decay. But the keen air was making me ravenous and I sent Albert into the Hôtel du Midi—choosing that in preference to the Paseal, without any reason—to forage. The gods were good! He came back with the news that there was an excellent lunch in preparation; and he was eminently right.

You never can tell! Within this tottering building, with its uneven stairs and crooked passages, I had the best lunch I had eaten in France. It began with sausage and sardines, went on with a trout from the Verdon, roast chicken, beef stewed to perfection, some excellent local cheese and a large pat of butter. Butter in France usually has to be asked for, but, despite the high altitude, this pat automatically arrived.

Zigzags in France

And with the food I had the company of my trusted friend St. Estèphe. Not bad for a peculiarly dirty mountain village ! Albert, at a neighbouring table, much nearer the stove in the middle of the room, was having the same meal at, I suppose, half the price ; but mine was cheap enough.

But perhaps even more surprising than the excellence of this Allos luncheon, in the crazy building, was the choice of pictures on the walls, for all were coloured lithographs from the deft but shameless hand of M. Georges Rédon, who for long has been retained by the controllers of the Café de Paris and the Abbaye and Fouquet's Bar and Armenonville to make amusingly improper designs for their menu cards. In Paris M. Rédon is appropriate enough ; but in this Alpine shelter he seemed out of place indeed. And yet during the War did not the coloured supplements from Kirchner's voluptuous pencil do more to hearten our heroes in their dug-outs and help them to win it, than all the solemn oratory of statesmen or anxious rhetoric of editors ? So it is said, and I see no reason to disbelieve it.

It was just as we were leaving Allos that a new

Zigzags in France

guest entered with the news that the pass was blocked. The day was so fine that Albert refused to believe it and on we rushed, higher and higher, for a few miles, the snow deepening ominously as we progressed, until at a point just before the real ascent begins some road-menders, whose word had to be accepted, turned us back. It was humiliating, but there was no other way. And so we returned as far as St. André, to which I thought to have bade farewell for ever, and there branched off down another valley to reach Digue, and from Digue, beside the river Bléone, Malijai, where a road runs north, beside the river Durance. Our objective was still Grenoble, but by a timid approach.

XXX. SISTERON THE SAD

My advice to anyone in these parts is to arrange the time-table so that it is not necessary to stop at Sisteron. A picturesque town it may be, set on the west bank of the Durance close to its juncture with the Buech, and it lies under a castle on a high rock ; but its best inn could hardly be worse. It promised everything : “ cuisine du premier ordre ” and all the rest of it ; and fulfilled nothing.

Zigzags in France

I was lucky to have eaten so well at Allos, but that was hours ago, and Albert had been merciless over the rough roads. Moreover, I added to my hunger by climbing to the castle, which is now closed, but seems to have been last used during the War as a prison. Conical hills with ruined castles on their apex are frequent in this district, but there is nothing so fine as the Sisteron fortress, which is straight out of Perrault.

The river here, though narrow, is too wide to ford, too cold to swim, too swift to navigate, and there is no bridge for many miles. Facing Sisteron on the opposite bank is a village, and as I leant over the parapet and looked across I thought what a curious time would a new Hero and Leander have, if Hero lived here and Leander there : almost, if not quite, within sound of each other's voices, within easy sight of each other's faces, yet sundered completely unless they took to the long, long trail.

From Sisteron to Grenoble the road again winds over very high ground, thick with fruit trees, among them many heavily laden quinees and pears, looking in their rich gold very strange amid the snow. We could have gone through Gap and St. Bonnet, but Albert chose

Zigzags in France

the route by way of Ribiers and Serre and Aspres, and by starting early we were at Grenoble for lunch.

XXXI. GRENOBLE

Grenoble is not itself high, or at any rate relatively is not, but you go there in order to visit the heights. At the end of every street you see a snowy peak. It is the paradise of the *estivant*, and I wonder how many of my readers know what an “*estivant*” is? I had no idea until I rejoined my dictionary, and then discovered, what I ought perhaps to have divined, that an *estivant* is one who spends the summer among the mountains.

Besides its distinction as the key of the French Alps, with views of Mont Blanc from various points, Grenoble has fame for its gloves. It struck me as a delightful town and very healthy, and the old fortress on the hill-side beyond the river is nobly placed. At Cannes and along the Riviera, the season, as I have said, was about to break out; here it was over, and “Grenoble for the Grenoblois” had become again the rule.

In its art gallery are a few good pictures, among them a set of four large Zurbarans, which come as a surprise, and a Canaletto Venetian scene which

Zigzags in France

in depicting the Grand Canal seems to have achieved the essence of antithesis to this Alpine resort. I was the only person in the place except one weary attendant, and it seemed to be almost with a touch of triumph that when I asked for a catalogue he replied, "N'y a plus." The custodians of picture galleries and museums in France can be the most dejected, the least animated and inspiring, of men ; but this one excelled all. Of what other and happier life are they dreaming ?

XXXII. LYON

From Grenoble to Lyon the road is comparatively dull. The glistening peaks recede and gradually disappear ; vineyards and meadows come back, and even eattle—a rare sight in France—are seen. At Vienne we touched the Rhône, which I saw last debouching near Aigues Mortes ; at Lyon we found it again cutting the great bustling city in two.

Lyon I remember for its spacious picture gallery, larger I believe than our National Gallery, its intolerably noisy streets, its cold and steady rain, its vastness, its first-class restaurant ealled the Carillon and a marionette performance at the Casino. The picture gallery has little of the

Zigzags in France

finest, but it has much that ought to be seen, and I was interested in discovering how many famous French painters were Lyonnais. Among those new to me was Louis Carrand, a very sensitive pleinairiste. The most spirited Meissonier I have seen—three men galloping over the sands—hangs there.

I have still another memory of Lyon and that is of a street musician. Francee has few performers to compare with our myriad Ex-service bands, organ grinders, negroes, street singers and the banjoists who play in the doorways of public-houses. In Paris I believe they are forbidden by law ; whatever the reason, you rarely see or hear any. But in Lyon, just outside my hotel, there was an old man on a triecyle who blew a whistle pipe for an hour and blew it very well. That in itself is nothing ; but what fixed him in my mind was his means of transit, for having collected as much money as seemed probable, he dashed off across the busy lawless street, which has tram lines down the middle of it and constant traffic, not propelled by his pedals, but drawn swiftly by a great dog. This masterful old man was my only street performer, if I except the drumming sergeant de ville in a little town in the

Zigzags in France

Médoc who beat upon his instrument to ensure attention to his proclamation, just as an English crier rings his bell.

XXXIII. CLERMONT-FERRAND

From the Rhône we went again to the Loire, which I had last seen at Montauban, crossing it at Feurs, and so to Boen and along a fascinating stream-side road to Thiers. There had been terrific recent rains, so that wherever there was a chance this stream brimmed over into a lake. Thiers, the Sheffield of France, in its outskirts is dreary, but the old town itself, built tottering beside a series of cascades, is memorable, and not the less so for its unexpectedness.

Perhaps the most curious thing about Clermont-Ferrand, which is half an ancient provincial capital and half new factory chimneys, is the number of bookshops, serious bookshops, which it contains; due possibly to the influence of Pascal, whose statue is one of several there. Clermont-Ferrand struck me as a serious town throughout, not only because of the books and because of the crowd of soldiers that I watched waiting to get into the gallery of the theatre to witness a Victor Hugo drama, but for general

Zigzags in France

reasons. And when I say theatre, I mean theatre. Not cinema palace.

Clermont-Ferrand is a very cold town, but friendly. The cathedral with its twin spires—real twins and not merely brother and sister as at Chartres—stands high on its central hill, with a Madonna and Child on the point of a pinnacle blessing the great valley stretched below. Immediately around the cathedral are the oldest and narrowest streets; and somewhere here is the most congested market I ever struggled through. Everything that you could need for lunch was displayed, but the most attractive shops and stalls were those given to cheese; and the most attractive cheese, St. Nectaire, is one that you can get rightly only in the neighbourhood of its manufacture: it comes in flavour somewhere between a Port Salut and a Bel Paese.

I merely walked about in the cathedral, but I attended a service in the venerable church of Nôtre-Dame du Port, which, instead of mounting to, you enter by descending a flight of steps, and on my desk at this moment is a little reproduction of the famous black Virgin, whom to revere you must descend still lower, into the crypt.

Clermont-Ferrand has its own busy life irre-

Zigzags in France

spective of the outside world, which it supplies with drain-pipes and rubber goods. No nonsense about "seasons" here. None the less, it has its importance to the tourist in being the nearest large town to the strange Puy de Dôme country, where the volcanoes of France, no longer active but covered with firs and heather, raise their heads. It was to see these monsters, of which the Puy de Dôme is the chief, that I took this road at all.

For a walking tour in France, which shall include really wild country, I should recommend the Puy de Dôme district almost first, for it has everything that the robust and curious can desire, and it would be a simple matter to make Clermont-Ferrand, or, even better, Royat, one's head-quarters. There is an inn on the top of the Puy de Dôme itself for the pilgrims of a night.

XXXIV. THE MAID OF ORLEANS

Orleans is exactly the spacious and dignified city that I expected it to be, with its high grey roofs and dormer windows, its white walls and pavé streets. But the cathedral—so very like Nôtre-Dame in Paris—was a surprise, so splendid is it, although the windows recording

Zigzags in France

the history of Joan of Arc are inferior. The Maid dominates the whole place. At every turn you are reminded of her, either by statue, picture or post card, and there is a museum solely in her honour, where every incident in her career, real or legendary, has its record.

In this charming little house, at leisure and very conveniently, one may compare the multitude of representations of this amazing figure which painters and sculptors have imagined. There is also what is called a contemporary likeness, but little can be learned from that. The principal of "one man, one vote," or, rather, "one guess," has never been carried farther. In the result we have either the one Joan that our own inner eye discerns, dimly, or the picture or statue which most appeals to us, from the massive field-marshal which Ingres makes of her, to the stern wistful visionary of Puvis de Chavannes, from the dazed peasant of Bastien Lepage to the courageous schoolgirl of Boutet de Monvel. Then again, how different are the sculptors ! Some accentuate her simplicity, some her piety, some her authority ; while perhaps in the best known treatment of all, in Fremiet's equestrian group in gold in the Rue de Rivoli, she is

Zigzags in France

a dashing, almost Parisian, Queen of Pageant.

Joan of Arc will remain undefined in character as well as in form and feature as long as poetry, romance and the drama play about her astounding story ; and here again what a choice of concepts is offered the reader, from the negligible irreverence of Voltaire to the brilliant advocacy of Bernard Shaw, who, in his last and best play, *Saint Joan*, makes her an almost divine figure, or as nearly almost divine as he can endure.

Orleans was ever loyal to the heroine who delivered it from the English, but since her recent canonization she more than ever controls the city, and I must try to be there on May 7 and 8 some year to see the pilgrims in proceession and all the other ceremonial ; even though, considering the whole story, one might, as an Englishman, feel a little awkward in being in Orleans at all. But French magnanimity to foreigners, and even to foes, is undefeatable.

VARIETIES

Green Sounds in a Green Shade

RETURNING from Wembley down the Harrow Road I noticed a man mowing a grassy bank with a scythe. Always a rare spectacle now, and particularly so in London, it seemed the more anachronistic after the orgy of modernity which I had just left and which was still making my head dizzy—the Palace of Engineering, with its whirling fly-wheels and mechanical devices for doing everything without hands ; the Palace of Industry, where bread was baked and wrapped up by inhuman machines under your eyes ; the aeroplanes buzzing above : the general impression of civilization at the highest and noisiest pressure.

Watching the mower at his task, with his back swaying like music and his bare brown arms rhythmically controlling the swaths, I thought again of what we lost when the scythe went out and the fussy little lawn-mower came in : lost

Zigzags in France

in sight and lost in sound, even though we gained in every other way. "But the scythes had to go," the strident voice of utilitarianism reminds me. "The scythe is too slow. And also, it doesn't cut close enough. What kind of a mess would it make of the centre court at Wimbledon?" True. I do not see the scythe dealing faithfully with the tender shoots from the shores of Solway Firth on which the Lenglen leaps to conquer; and yet, even if there was not great lawn-tennis before there were mechanical lawn-mowers, there was great cricket: greater cricket possibly even than to-day; and it was played on pitches that man had to prepare without any assistance from engineers.

I am merely recording; not framing any censorious indictment. The loss of the steady swish of the scythe, broken now and again while the hone is in use, and then resumed with a new series of long soothing strokes (Andrew Lang wrote a charming poem about this soft melody)—that loss is a serious one, and the countryside is the poorer for it; but I maintain that the whirr of the lawn-mower, although never competing in beauty, has an agreeable quality of its own. It is, for all its metallic chatter, a delicious noise to

Green Sounds in a Green Shade

wake to. It tells that the morning is fine, for lawns are rarely mown in actual rain ; it tells that some one less fortunate than oneself is up and about and busy, a thought that lays emphasis on one's own superior luck ; it suggests the pleasure of the games that are to come later, whether lawn-tennis or croquet, golf-croquet, or bowls ; it gently amuses the mind with speculations as to where the machine now is as the sound diminishes or grows ; at what point it will stop for the grass to be emptied from the receptacle ; how good that grass must smell ! And so one lies on in a bliss that is partly stupor, lulled and serene, waiting for the knock that heralds tea.

No one emerging gradually from sleep, with sense after sense, one by one, returning from their nightly journey to oblivion and assembling for action, can fail soon to be conseious of the omnipresent rattle of the mowing machine, which has an odd vibrant air-filling penetration ; but the ear will be longer in detecting that comforting rumble, with now and then a squeak in it, which tells that roller is at work.

I suppose that no one will believe me when I say that I like rolling a lawn ; but the statement could not be more veracious were it uttered on the

Zigzags in France

rack. I like rolling a lawn. I like the actual conflict with the roller, which is just heavy enough to bring out a certain combativeness ; I like to feel the worm castings go down under it with a faintly perceptible crunch ; I like the easy progress, steady, irresistible (thanks to my strength of body and mind), purposeful, beneficial. It is a task that exercises without fatigue and cheers its performer with the knowledge that he is doing something of value. He who rolls is earning whatever meal comes next. He who rolls can also be escaping from the others. " Look at that nice kind Mr. Lucas, rolling," says the hostess ; " isn't it angelic of him ? " and although I am really pleasing myself first and foremost, it is possible to flush with self-esteem too.

For, I repeat, I like rolling. I like the opportunity it gives both for observation and for contemplation. Spaniels defy you and refuse to move until they are almost under the weight. Birds have almost no fear of the roller, where a lawn-mower would have them in a ferment. They let you get quite close ; robins almost sit on the handle. The flowers emit their most delicate fragrance for him who quietly rolls ; wafts of sweetbrier come his way.

Green Sounds in a Green Shade

But if there were absolute silence, I don't think I should like rolling so much, or collect so many thoughts during the operation. I like its sounds : the muttered disagreement that always goes on between the two cylinders and is accentuated by any lump ; the occasional squeal.

When I go to Lord's and see a man perched up on a motor-roller I am sorry for him. That is not rolling : that is mere conducting. (I borrow the word from a French innkeeper who once drove me in his car from Caudebec to Dieppe. "J'aime beaucoup conduire," he said.) None of the pleasures that I know can be his. But when I go to Lord's and see a man perched up on a motor-lawn-mower, I think him fortunate, for I dislike the bustle and scurry and bent attitude involved in pushing a lawn-mower as much as I like the leisureliness and comparative muteness of rolling. I am never angelic enough to mow the lawn, however nice and kind I may be ! But to roll it, yes ; I would roll it all the way to Rio.

For the rest, the sounds of the garden are chiefly the notes of birds, and it is one of the tragedies of life that so few people can identify them or agree in their identification. What is

Zigzags in France

the bird that, at this very moment as well as at most other moments between dawn and eve, is saying, "Stick to it"? There is much talk of the recent broadcasting of the nightingale; but the nightingale is easy. By singing at night he turns the problems of ornithology into child's-play. What I want is a gramophone record of all the garden birds, with names, so that I can place them at once. But more than anything do I want to know the name of the bird who insults me by saying, "Stick to it!" Morning, noon, and afternoon he thus adjures me—me, who like rolling!

And I have said nothing about the most exciting garden noise at all. I have been tiresome about scythes, tedious about lawn-mowers, and conceited about rolling; and all the while there are such sounds going on under the turf as no one would believe—because no one could hear. But look at that thrush over there on the grass with his head on one side. Do you know what he is doing? He is listening in! To what? He is listening for a worm. But—cruel Nature again!—the bitter joke to the worms is that apparently worms can't hear the thrush.

The Fearless Pet



AFTER having spent many years in considering the problem, I have come to the conclusion that the happiest life is that which is spent in a well-appointed home by a fearless pet.

I was helped to this belated decision by the contemplation of a tame jackdaw.

I had long known the wild jackdaw in his two commonest spheres of interest : both as a vigilant observer and probably severe critic of deans and chapters from a point of vantage on cathedral spires ; and also as a black ghost flitting on silent wings from hollow trees, a marauder with no language but a cry, yet plenty of that. But not till a week or so ago did I find myself in a country house in which, although the master pays the rates and taxes and arranges for repairs, and the mistress orders the meals, and other persons have their duties, the sole authority is a jackdaw with one clipped wing. This kind of masterful

Zigzags in France

fowl was new to me, and I confess that for a while I shrank from him and covered my ears when he issued his discordant orders. (If the ornithological books are to be believed, the jackdaw's voice, in captivity, approximates to those of the family that he dominates. I hope there are exceptions to this rule.)

To the timid, among whom I count myself almost chief, there is something terrifying in this great bird's beak, so long and sharp ; in the red cavern that he exposes when he says—what says he?—caw ; in the calculating coldness of his searching blue eye. The eyes of all birds are disconcerting, for you know not where they look, and, even more, where they do not look (the pelicans in St. James's Park are excellent examples) ; but the jackdaw is so much more aggressive and purposeful, and takes rebuffs so much less seriously, that this blue eye of his is peculiarly frightening. "What is he plotting now?" you ask yourself. "What is the next uncanny project?" And you carefully remove your signet ring, if you wear one, and secrete it in a pocket, lest it and your fingers are snapped up simultaneously.

At first, as I say, he had me trembling ; nor

The Fearless Pet

did the fact that he closely resembled two friends of mine, an historian and a yachtsman, seem to help. But when, suddenly, as I was reading a book in the garden, he alighted on my knee, I fell beneath his sway. After that I also was his slave, and most of my lunch found its way into that scarlet tunnel, for he sat then on the back of the chair ; and now all meals seem insipid for want of such a familiar. I have known many varieties of pet, and not a few of them fearless, but it would seem, if this bird is typical, that the jackdaw exceeds all in assurance and instant expression of his demands.

A happy life ! What his doubts and fears may be, I know not ; he gives no sign of any of the fever and the fret that line our brows ; all that you are aware of is an intense craving for adventure, which is usually gratified, a constant hunger punctually assuaged, and a desire for the society of men and women—his true peers, that is to say—which in his particular case is fulfilled. There comes, it is true, a time when the wicker gate of his cage is opened, and he is ordered to enter it, but even that restriction has its eompensating fun, for he leads the whole place a dance for some twenty minutes every evening, before consenting

Zigzags in France

to enter, and rejoices in every dodge and double. It is only during these twenty minutes that he refuses to come when he is called ; it is only then that pieces of buttered toast have no allure.

Fearful of him as I was, the first time that this uncanny fowl sat on my knee I experienced a thrill of satisfaction, as well as being conscious of the birth of thralldom. That a bird should do this bold thing, uninvited, full of trustfulness, was so wonderful. That is the way to flatter us, to get us, if they only knew ! And especially attractive is it when the overture is made by one of those ethereal, mysterious beings that fly. If I were walking in a deer-park and a fawn trotted out and nuzzled against my hand, I admit that I should be conscious of an enormous personal triumph ; I should look on myself as a creature apart. But, in the main, such an attention from a quadruped is merely gratifying, not exciting : a fact due, I suppose, to our companionship with horses, cows, dogs, and cats ; or, at any rate, to our being accustomed to them. But to be treated spontaneously as the friend of a bird of the air—one of the miracles of creation—that is an honour indeed, and one of the highest. I suppose that to be intimately the friend of a fish

The Fearless Pet

or intimately to have a fish for a friend would be the ultimate ecstasy. But birds can be so aloof that you may judge of my renewed pride and delight when, in the same garden, a white fantail pigeon fluttered out of the blue sky and settled gently on my arm. Normally I consider myself as anything but a "charmeur d'oiseaux": I am too busy, too restless: the rôle needs indolence and infinite time and patience; and so my surprise and pleasure were the greater. Nor, although I had no grain at hand to appease it, did it at once fly away, but remained long enough for me to see how pink were its feet, how pink was its beak, and how crimson its eye-rims.

And this reminds me that if a certain London bank manager is wondering why one of his messengers was so late in returning to the office the other day, I can tell him. I don't know the bank, but the messenger is tall and thin and dignified; he has the usual quiet tail-coat uniform, a tall hat and satchel. But he carries something else besides cheques and bills and investments: he carries bird-seed; and whenever his way lies anywhere near Trafalgar Square he stops to feed the pigeons. I have seen pigeons fed by many persons in many lands, but never have I seen a

Zigzags in France

man so beset by pigeons, so covered with pigeons, as this bank messenger. They were on his top-per, his shoulders, his arms, his hands, two or three were eating at his lips, and the air was full of the beating wings of others waiting to alight, like cherubim in an old Nativity picture.

To return to my own pigeon, its life and that of its spouse, an inflated fellow with a ridiculous strut, could not well be happier. They have everything they want, and in addition every kind of extra titbit and attention from the household. For my point is that if the ordinary routine of a domestic pet is happy, how much happier must it be when intimate association with mankind is superimposed ! Most of us would like to be friends with some dumb animal, and how seldom can it be contrived ! When it is, how we value it ; and, similarly, how they must value it too ! The pity is that so very few of them are sufficiently fearless to be able to bridge the gulf.

The Fettered and the Free ∞ ∞

IN this report of a conversation between two jackdaws, one tame and the other wild, which I chanced to overhear, I will call the tame one Jack, and the wild one Daw.

Jack was strolling about his territory in his usual nonchalant way, his hands, so to speak, under his coat-tails and his expression half magistrate and half criminal, when Daw alighted suddenly on the garden fence.

“Hullo!” he said.

“Hullo!” said Jack.

“I’ve been watching you for a long while,” said Daw, “and feeling sorry for you, and I thought I’d just come down and say so.”

“Sorry!” repeated Jack. “Why?”

“Your clipped wing,” said the other; “your restrictions.”

“Don’t worry about that,” said Jack. “I’m all right. Don’t I look well?”

Zigzags in France

"Very," said Daw; "almost too well. Sleek, if not actually fat. But liberty, glorious liberty—don't you miss that?"

"I never had it," said Jack. "I was taken out of the nest and brought here before I was fledged. What we've never had we don't miss."

"But think of the fun of being able to fly wherever you want," said the Daw—"the power, the freedom!"

"It's merely acres against square yards," said Jack. "Liberty is only relative. And you do little enough with it, I'll be bound. The same fields, the same trees, the same companions—yes, and the same food. What, by the way, do you eat?"

"Eat?" said Daw. "Worms, insects. Odds and ends. Pheasants' eggs sometimes."

"Yes," said Jack, "but you have to find it for yourself, don't you, out in the cold and the rain? Now, mine's brought to me. I've got them all on the move here, looking after me. They give me things you've never even dreamed of. Macaroni—what do you know about that?"

"I never heard of it," said Daw. "What is it like?"

"It's a kind of artificial worm," said Jack.

The Fettered and the Free

"Delicious ! The Italians make it for me. Then there's buttered toast, and baked potatoes, and cheese, and raw meat, and little titbits of cooked meat too. I get all those brought to me, sometimes to eat before the fire. Now you haven't the faintest notion what it is like to be indoors before a fire ! Better than being out in the cold and rain, hunting for food for yourself, I can tell you !"

"Maybe it's more comfortable," said Daw. "But the point is, I'm free and you're not."

"I haven't told you the best yet," said Jack. "Hard-boiled eggs. The yolk. That's the greatest thing in the world. They cook them specially for me here, and the man and I have breakfast together. I sit on his knee and he feeds me with it. He jolly well has to, because if he doesn't I peck his hand."

"Do you mean to tell me you aren't frightened of him ?" Daw asked. "A man ? One of those fellows with a gun ?"

"Certainly not," said Jack. "I've got him ; he's under my claw. I've got them all. There's nothing these creatures won't do for you if you aren't afraid of them. That's what you, the Bird of Freedom, and all the other liberty-loving sillies,

Zigzags in France

don't realize. These creatures are the mildest things on earth really. As for the gun, I don't mind that so much ; I'm fond of a bit of cold game myself. But they'd never shoot you if you came down and were friendly. That's what captivity has taught me—they're really our best pals."

"Well, I'm dashed !" said Daw. "But how do you begin ? Surely that wants a bit of doing ?"

"You do it," said Jack, "because you have to. When your wing has been clipped and you can't get away, you ask yourself what is your wisest course, and see that the sooner you forgive and forget and become intimate and fearless the better time you'll have, and so you flatter them by being nice to them, and the result is that in about five minutes you own the whole place. Why, I'm told by the other birds that come here, robins and chaffinches and sparrows—all that crowd—that the people here were terrible cat-lovers once. The place was a disgrace. But the very day after I began to walk about and make myself agreeable, every cat was bundled off—valuable ones too."

"Amazing !" said Daw. "I can just begin

The Fettered and the Free

to understand being friendly with a man, but you would never get on terms with cats, would you ? ” he inquired anxiously.

“ Never,” said Jack.

“ Well,” said Daw, “ I still cling to my liberty and believe in it ; but you’re not so much to be pitied as I was thinking.”

“ No,” said Jack. “ I’m glad I’ve converted you. But I don’t mind telling you I’m not so happy as I was since the other evening. The people here have got a book about birds, and the man was reading aloud from the article on us. And how do you think the wretched thing ended ? I remember the exact words ; in fact, I can’t forget them : ‘ When domesticated ’—that’s me, not you : you needn’t let this worry *you*—‘ when domesticated, its droll trickeries ’—I’m ‘ it,’—‘ its capability of imitating the human voice and other sounds, are well known. By turns affectionate, quarrelsome, impudent, confiding, it is always inquisitive, destructive, given to purloining ; so that, however popular at first as a pet, it usually terminates its career by some unregretted accident.’ Now, I don’t like that word ‘ unregretted ’ at all. It’s poisoning my life.”

Zigzags in France

“Then why not come with me and forget it?” said the other. “Come where there is no restriction, where each of us is his own master. I’ll help you. Come along.”

What Jack would have replied I cannot say, but at this moment a very small girl emerged from the house, and in a moment the wild bird, panic-stricken, had vanished.

“No,” said Jack to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, “‘unregretted’ or not, life with these people is ample compensation,” and, moving to the door of my study, he knocked at it sharply and imperiously several times with his beak to indicate that he was hungry again.

Very meekly I left my work and fetched him a banana.

Yesteryears' Snows ∞ ∞ ∞

I HAVE been pained several times recently, after hearing good judges refer to girls as pretty, by finding that the girls weren't pretty at all. Conversely, after extolling the prettiness of this or that one, I (who really know what I am talking about) have been contradicted. All of which goes to show how differently we look at things.

But there have always been certain faces as to whose charm or perfection most people were agreed; otherwise how would there be Ruling Beauties at all? It is the majority of admirers that makes them.

Before photography came in, no Beauty, I take it, could have more than a local success. Helen of Troy was probably seen by very few persons, and those chiefly soldiers. How many of the sailors on the thousand ships that her loveliness launched can have been aware of those magical

Zigzags in France

features ? Cleopatra revealed herself only on State occasions, and was then, I imagine, remote and aloof. Before the day of the theatre afforded them their opportunity, how many beautiful women must have bloomed and faded all unknown ! The stage gave them their first chance, the portrait-painters their second, and the camera their third and best. All that the great public knew, for instance, of Nell Gwynn was from her appearance in this and that play, and as she did not appear much, and the theatres of the time were small, very few persons can have seen her.

Crowds, it is true, may have waited outside the theatre for her ingoings and outcomings, as they do now, not only for actresses but for actors ; but these would be comparatively few, numbering not a thousandth fraction of the readers of our picture papers, where photographs of stage beauties are the staple attraction.

To us Nell Gwynn is known by reproductions of Lely's portraits of her, but as in Lely's own lifetime those portraits were in private hands and engravings were rare, we probably know her far better than her contemporaries did, in spite of her great contemporary fame.

Yesteryears' Snows

I have peculiar reason to be able to state that there was in Nell Gwynn's day yet another means of broadcasting (so to speak) her charms, not only as she appeared in her own person, but as she appeared in many of her rôles. If you chance to be at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington, you will find in one of the water-colour rooms a device by means of which a record of Nelly in no fewer than twenty famous parts could be carried by an admirer in his pocket as simply as we now carry cigarettes. The "outfit" consisted of a miniature oval portrait of the actress on copper, and twenty talcs. Talcs? Yes; oval pieces of talc of exactly the same size as the miniature, twenty in number, on each of which is painted in colours a head-dress worn by Nell Gwynn on the stage, with the space for her face left transparent, so that, by placing these talcs one by one over the miniature, the admirer could rapidly reconstruct his divinity in twenty plays. A very ingenious invention, and it might well be adapted to some purpose or other to-day. I can see it being useful to milliners, and, indeed, to costumiers generally.

I have seen elsewhere another set of talcs made for the devotees of the Martyred King, the final

Zigzags in France

one depicting angels bearing the decapitated head to glory.

How the beautiful Miss Gunnings, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a hundred years after Nelly's vogue, were mobbed in the streets, so that they had to escape from their admirers by strategy, is a familiar story. We are not told if they hated any of it but the discomfort. It was not until another hundred years had passed that with the advent of the camera the Dream of Fair Women (and that dream, I take it, is to be seen and, if possible, adored by all) began to be realized, and now, of course, we cannot escape them. When my own heroine-worship set in we had to buy the actual photographs at two shillings apiece, where we now get a whole "picture page" full for a penny. They were called "Cabinets," and the first photograph cabinet of a popular beauty that I ever bought was that of Violet Cameron. I had seen her in a Drury Lane pantomime, and if any face could launch my thousand ships it was hers.

I forget how long I remained true to Violet Cameron, and who came next and next, but I remember writing some verses to Miss Julia Neilson and putting down another two shillings

Yesteryears' Snows

for a cabinet of hers. How far removed are those days from these when the cult of the actress is an industry, newspapers and periodicals thrive on her, and nothing personal is withheld !

I wish I could remember the order of my domination by the Fair ; but perhaps it is as well not to, for dates would be involved, and dates and the Fair assort ill. My first, as I have said, was Violet Cameron ; later came Julia Neilson ; and then ? Well, there was Mrs. Langtry, but Mrs. Langtry was too splendid for human nature's daily food. There was an aloofness, too ; she was an Olympian. Nearer to simple hearts, even if in fact no less accessible, was Mary Anderson, cabinet photographs of whom, swathed in white, as, I fancy, Galatea, were in every window. Mary Anderson was suave and stately, with faultless features ; very different from the roguish little Jessie Bond of the Savoy operas, who was in all the windows too. Then there was Harriet Vernon, massive and lighthousey, and Letty Lind, with her hint of wistfulness ; and Kate Vaughan, the dancer ; and Katie James, a music-hall star who sang with sparkling eyes " My Little Alabama Coon " ; and Mabel Love, who was sheer chocolate-box ; and a poor fated girl with a

Zigzags in France

haunting personality, but not really a beauty, Rose Norreys ; and May Yohe, also fated, who then was all effervescing mirth, dainty and conquering.

Yet these, though they reigned, were none of them supreme ; all had to give way to one, who, though not a great actress, indeed a very naïve one, had a charm and freshness (perhaps in inverse ratio to her histrionic powers ?) which were so wholly her own that there has been nothing like them since. She was very wisely cast by managers for parts in which she could be herself, and in which those large, surprised eyes and that fleeting shadow of perplexity which played now and then upon her sweet and candid countenance, at once so comforting and adorable, had plenty to do.

I saw her first in a play by Mr. Carton called "Sunlight and Shadow," where she was a girl who had just become engaged, and I remember exactly the way in which she replied to her lover's remark that theirs was a case of two minds with but a single thought. "Then I shall have to supply it," she said, with a rippling chuckle. I saw "Sunlight and Shadow" I cannot say how many times, and henceforth, all

Yesteryears' Snows

unknown to her, was her constant slave ; in that capacity being by no means unique. It says everything for her type of beauty (essentially, in those distant and less complex days, a young man's fancy) that when the word ran round Lord's in the lunch interval of the Oxford and Cambridge match of 1892, or 1893, " Maud Millett's here ! " all other interests vanished, and every topper surged in her direction.

For it is Maud Millett of whom I speak. That was a season of garden-like hats for girls, and hers was wide-brimmed, and beneath it her smiles, half demure, half sheer joy, were entrancing.

Change, Change !



I. POT AND KETTLE

“IT’S odd coming back to London after so many years,” said Charlie—my old friend, Charlie Waters.

“Let’s see. Exactly how many ? ” I asked.

“Well, I haven’t been here since 1903,” he said. “That’s what ? ”

“I’m not a Senior Wrangler,” I said, “but it looks very like twenty-two.”

“Twenty-two’s a long time,” he said, “to spend in looking forward to the joys of London ; and now that I am here at last it’s disappointing. I find nothing but change and everything for the worse.”

“Everything ? ” I asked.

“Yes, everything.”

He became hard and assertive.

“Everything,” he repeated. “Take manners. Look at the women. When I left England a few

Change, Change !

of them smoked. Now they all do. Even old women—if women can be called old any more. Even young girls—if girls can be called young any longer.”

“Are you sure they didn’t smoke before you left?” I asked. “Secretly?”

“They may have done,” he said. “And if they did I don’t mind. What I do mind is their publicity now. Before meals, in the middle of meals, sometimes right through meals. Even while they dance. At the theatre the other evening I saw some walking about with cigarettes in their mouths. In their mouths! That’s change, isn’t it? Not holding them and puffing, but stuck right in their painted faeces.

“Yes, and paint!” he went on. “Look at the paint!”

“Didn’t they paint when you left?” I asked.

“Some of the old ones, yes,” he said, “and even they were careful about it, because too much paint gave a woman a bad name. But never the children. But even the schoolgirls have got lip-sticks now, and mirrors and puffs, and none of them mind laying it on thick even during a meal. We used to see that kind of public

Zigzags in France

making-up only in Paris ; now it's taught in the nursery. Bah ! ”

He was getting very angry.

“ And there's the way people eat in theatres,” he snarled. “ They may have munched in the pit and gallery when I left. But now the stalls are full of chocolate-boxes too. I'm not sure that isn't the most striking change I've come across. But there's change everywhere, and always for the worse.

“ As for the theatres themselves,” he resumed after a gloomy silence, “ they're not a patch on the old days. Where are your actors ? Where's your Henry Irving ? Where is your Ellen Terry ? I did my best to laugh at some of your comedians, but they merely made me regret the old ones. There's no one like William Blakeley any more.”

“ They may be different,” I said, “ but I don't see why our present-day comedians aren't as good. Difference is not necessarily deteriorating. You wouldn't have everything always the same ? ”

“ I don't know that I wouldn't,” he said. “ As for music-halls, they don't seem to exist. I look for the Tivoli and find a cinema. Cinemas

Change, Change !

may be all right for those that like them, but why should they destroy other things too? What you call revue is no substitute for the old music-halls. Where's your Dan Leno? Tell me."

"Men can't live for ever," I suggested.

"No, but the right spirit ought to," he said. "And it's the spirit that's all wrong here now. No care, no thoroughness. Take your restaurants. No variety whatever; frozen meat, I'll swear, most of it. Would you believe it, I tried all over London for devilled bones for supper last week and they'd hardly ever heard of such things? Just the ordinary dreary stuff—no enterprise. Isn't that deterioration? And before you can settle down even to what meal they give you the floor is being cleared again for dancing, which had begun at tea and will go on till all hours. Or a Cabaret show starts and half-naked girls are high-kicking beside your table, and this goes on till two every night. When do all the people sleep? Don't they ever do any work? Turning night into day—what's that going to do for the health of the race, do you suppose, apart from its wealth and prosperity?"

"But you're not maintaining," I said, "that

Zigzags in France

there were no night clubs and daneing-saloons in your time ? ”

“ There may have been a few,” he replied, “ to be visited on special occasions ; but a quiet supper was possible, with some decent supper food to eat, such as the devilled bones I’ve mentioned. All the restaurants hadn’t gone mad. But enough of it ! You can’t deny that a lot of extraordinary change exists ? ” he challenged me.

“ Some of it may be in yourself, dear Brutus,” I suggested.

“ Rot ! ” he replied. “ I’ve kept myself sweet.”

I walked away with him, and in St. James’s Street he stopped a man and held out his hand.

“ Hullo, Jack ! ” he said.

But the man made no sign of recognition.

“ Surely it’s Jack Hitchens ? ” said my friend. “ Don’t you know me ? I’m Charlie Waters. I’ve just come back from China after twenty years.”

“ Good heavens, Charlie ! ” said Hitchens, clasping his hand with what seemed to be real affection. “ Yes, I see now. Forgive me, old chap, but, by Jingo, how you have changed ! ”

Change, Change !

II. GIVING PLACE TO THE NEW

"She would be more attractive," said a witty and comely lady of one less comely, "if it weren't for that rush of teeth to the head."

I heard that, I forget how long ago, and have thought of it again as a motto of the new conversation ; for it is becoming impossible, even in mixed company, among strangers, to sit long without hearing dental talk.

The weather will never fail, but teeth come next. It used to be books and plays ; but those are now later claimants for notice ; we don't reach either until we have exchanged remarks on molar trouble.

"Thank heaven !" he says over the soup, "I can at any rate bite this."

"Are you like that too ?" asks his neighbour.

"I shall never be anything else again," he replies gloomily.

"Ah !" says she, "you should have gone to mine."

(According to the poet Whittier, the saddest words that can fall on the ears of men are, "It might have been." But he wrote too soon. The saddest words to-day are, "You should have

Zigzags in France

gone to mine ” ; and not only the saddest but almost the most frequent.)

“ No good, no good,” he replies, “ I am doomed. I shall never bite again,” and his face lightens as he notices that the fish is in the form of a mousse. “ Something like a hostess,” he murmurs.

“ Did you have them all out ? ” she asks later.

“ All the lot,” he answers. “ They said I should never know happiness until I did. And it’s a lie. I have never known it since. They were good ones, too.”

“ But why did you do it ? ” she asks. “ Mine probably wouldn’t have let you. Mine is most careful.”

“ I thought mine was then,” he replies darkly. “ I go about now warning people, whatever else they do, not to have their teeth out.”

At half-time his neighbour on the other side, nibbling a salted almond, passes the tray to him.

“ Thanks,” he says in the depths of dejection. “ I wish I could ; but I have eaten my last nut.”

“ How sad ! ” she replies. “ But I’m sure it needn’t be as bad as that. My husband has had them all out, but he eats walnuts like a two-year-old. You should have gone to mine.”

The man groans.

Change, Change !

“ Would you like his address ? ” she continues.
“ He’s really marvellous, and never a hint of pain.
In fact, I enjoy him.”

“ No, I beseech you,” he implores ; “ not enjoy
—not enjoy ! ”

All this openness about what once was a carefully closely-guarded secret is very extraordinary and significant. It is another proof of the coarsening of manners that is in process. We can all remember uncles whose false teeth slipped and rattled now and then, whose voices on the way to the bathroom were muffled and strange ; but no one said anything about it, except in whispers and apart. Certainly the uncles didn’t. But to-day they are capable of juggling with the two sets, upper and lower, throwing them up and catching them, or even dropping them, light-heartedly in public, just as though they were billiard-balls. To-day they are capable of sending some one upstairs to fetch them. Shame—and I suppose it was false shame and therefore we need not mind—has gone ; but none the less, false shame or not, I confess to a shudder when, the other evening at dinner, one of the most fastidious men that I know, seeing, after a series of insipid dishes, the approach of a favourite one,

Zigzags in France

removed his upper row without a blush, remarking, "I'll taste *that* if I die for it!"

I wonder when this new candour began, when false teeth entered the market-place, climbed to the housetops! Can that inspired farce by Mr. Shaw, *You Never Can Tell*, have had anything to do with it?—Mr. Shaw, whose own teeth are, or used to be, so wonderful. That, I fancy, was the first play in which the curtain fell on a patient in the chair. Or can it be charged to the account of the great European struggle which lifted so many veils and destroyed so many reticences? The social historian must decide. Meanwhile it is a fact that the ratelier is worn less in the mouth than on the sleeve.

Noise



THE world is confronted just now by a curiously contradictory state of things, when the pleasure of the ear is being cultivated as never before—and has, indeed, called new industries into being—while never were the conditions of life in our cities and on high roads so discordant and nerve-shattering. The figures that I am alert to suggest are, of course, far too low, but let us assume that every day a hundred new motorists come into being, part of whose occupation, if not desire, it will be, with their hooters, to impair the aural faculties of the thousand people who every day buy a gramophone or instal wireless.

And yet, will they effect that injury? They ought to, by all the rules, but will they? I fancy not. I find very little evidence that we really are (as we ought to be) the worse for so much racket and disturbance. Personally detesting noise, I am shocked by the quickness with which I can get used to it and, indeed, disregard it.

Zigzags in France

The human ear must be a very wonderful piece of mechanism for it to continue, in the midst of chaos and babel, as sensitive, as little dulled, as it is. Logically, you would suppose, those of us in London who are old enough to have seen the entry and rise of the motor-car, the increase in traffic, and latterly the introduction of that terrible pavement-breaking engine which the navvies now operate, ought to be either stone-deaf or badly damaged. But I have not learned that deafness is on the increase, or that the national temper grows more jumpy. I am not acquainted with any deaf chauffeur, although those who never know the way are certainly on the increase; boiler-makers who are alleged to sleep while riveting and wake up only when the hammering stops cannot be deaf, or they would not know it had stopped; all of which goes to show that our auricles are marvellously made and Providence should receive marks for them.

A further proof of the adjustability of the ear is the continued liveliness of the Latin peoples; for if London is noisy, Paris and Florence and Milan (where the drivers hoot almost continually, whether there is need or not) are pandemonium itself. In London, however, you may occasion-

Noise

ally see a passer-by wince, or an expression of disgust or even despair cross a face, as the klaxons are more than commonly numerous and vocal (there is one like a dying sea-lion); but in Paris and Florence, never. There are narrow streets in Florence near the Duomo where the trams, by their sereeching, assail the ear and by their proximity to the pavement endanger life itself, but no Florentine appears to mind.

It is true that the Florentines no longer paint "Primaveras," or design Medici chapels, and possibly we may find here the chief part of the penalty that noise exacts. Germany (whose philosopher Schopenhauer in his essay on noise demanded the punishment of every carter who cracked his whip) no longer puts forth any Beethovens or Heines; France no longer gives us a Dumas or an Offenbach; England is without any successor to Shakespeare or Milton. Can such poverty be the result of the callous brutal cacophony of modern life? Certainly it is true that your thinker's first thought is to be remote from distraction: Thomas Carlyle, for instance, with his double doors and double windows and felt-lined walls, and Herbert Spencer, with the ear-flaps to shut out idle talk.

Zigzags in France






There is further testimony to the resistance of our ears to the assaults of discord, for if, according to Wordsworth, beauty born of murmuring sound can pass into the face, the converse ought also to be true and the absence of this harmony lead to ugliness. But I am not satisfied that there are more plain women (men's looks never count on these occasions) than there used to be when the world was less turbulent. If one sees fewer pretty girls, it is probably due to the fact that one expects too many. This is because all women now wear the same youthful clothes, and it therefore oftener happens than it used to that the face beneath the hat in front of you, when overtaken, can disappoint. But, speaking generally, I don't think beauty is on the decrease.

If Schopenhauer, by the way, felt like that about ordinary waggoners, what would he have said to the bank clerk who now dashes through English villages on an explosive motor-bicycle at fifty miles an hour—one of the commonest objects of our latter-day country-side? A motor-bicycle with an internal malady can be the second noisiest thing that I know; the noisiest is an aeroplane with a propeller on each side. Passengers in the cars of such machines have cotton-wool

Noise

served out to them to break the shock ; but it does little enough. On the only occasion on which I have entrusted my existence to the air—coming from Paris to London—all communication had to be made in writing.

If an aeroplane is the height of noise, what is the height of silence ? I should say there is no silence to equal that which you experience in a sleeper at night on a Continental train when a stopping place is reached, and to the long-drawn sigh of relief emitted by the pneumatic brakes utter stillness succeeds. There is nothing to surpass it, partly because it is stillness complete, and partly because it has suddenly followed upon the steady heavy grinding jolts of the wagon-lit. Like the boiler-maker, you wake only when it ceases. Sometimes the pause seems to last for hours, unbroken save now and then by a deep throaty foreign voice. No passengers ever get in or out, there is no sound of coaling or watering the engine. Why the train stops so much in the blackness of the night has always been a mystery. Can it be an act of grace to let us over-sophisticated heirs of the ages know what absence from noise is like ?

Yorick     

LAST autumn I chanced to be on the road from York and Durham charged with the agreeable errand of conveying a large cake to a small boy. The small boy was at school some few miles off the highway between those noble cities, and, although the highway is fairly direct, never have I met with byways that so curved and doubled, rose and fell, as those that we were lost in almost directly the diversion began. But I forgive them, every one, for the reason that in the course of our meanderings we came to a steep village with a church at the top, and on inquiring learnt that its name was Coxwold.

“Coxwold !” I exclaimed, seeing in a flash the figures of Corporal Trim, of the Widow Wadman, of Uncle Toby, and even of the Recording Angel, “Let me out at once !” For it was at Coxwold that much of *Tristram Shandy* and all *The Sentimental Journey* were written.

Yorick

Sterne's home, "Shandy Hall," as he called it, is above the village, and is not, as one might guess, that ancient and crumbling gabled house opposite the church—a veritable "Crazy Castle"—and nothing can be much changed since he held and neglected this living. The church, which is small and not too cheerful, and set in one of the bleakest parts of England, is, so far as I could ascertain, without any visible record of its famous pastor. Nor, should I guess, does his spirit much haunt there. I ascended to his pulpit and imagined what it must have been like for this most whimsical and mundane of clerks in holy orders to see beneath him threescore stolid Yorkshire countenances prepared to receive spiritual comfort. When, meeting the sexton's wife, I asked if the clergyman there had not once been the Rev. Laurence Sterne, she summoned up such a frown while saying that she had heard so, that I realized that Yorick's sprightly absenteeism and amorous levity are probably still remembered against him, although so many years have passed.

This Coxwold experience filled me with the wish to read *The Sentimental Journey* again, and no sooner was I in a book-shop zone than I set

Zigzags in France

about obtaining a copy—for a long while in vain. And then re-reading it I was disappointed, and wondered how it strikes the readers of to-day coming to it for the first time ; how a reviewer would now deal with it. Periodically, I suppose, we ought all of us to re-examine the gods of our youth, even if we do not go so far as the unidentified cynic who said that he signalized the publication of a new book by reading an old one. *The Sentimental Journey* is, of course, deliciously written. To Sterne, good, easy, flexible English came as naturally as to Thackeray, but unless you are more interested in the personality of the sentimentalist than I am, you will think a great many of his supple sentences a waste.

“No man,” said Sam Weller, “never see a dead donkey, ’cept the gen’l’m’n in the black silk smalls as know’d the young ’ooman as kep’ a goat ; and that was a French donkey, so werry likely he warn’t won o’ the reg’lar breed.” I wish we had the opinion of this shrewd critic on the whole book, instead of only on a part. That Sam should have found time and inclination to read it at all is one of the mysteries of Literature, but it is a tragedy that his reference to it is confined to two (or possibly three) incidents : to the

Yorick

episode of the dead ass at Nampont, to the meeting with Maria at Moulines, and—I am taking a hint from the reference to the silk smalls—to “The Case of Delicacy” in the roadside inn near Lyons.

The Sentimental Journey was Sterne's last work. The travels which it describes occupied a few months at the end of 1765, but he had earlier spent much time in France, in 1762–3, and remembered that, too. He was a long while considering the form of the book, which, short as it is, was not finished till the end of 1767. In January of 1768 he was in London superintending the publication, which occurred on February 27, 1768. The book was received with fervour. Early in March, Sterne, who was then just fifty-five, contracted influenza, and on the 18th he died in his lodgings, in Bond Street, at what is now No. 41, at Mercow's, the furrier's. He was buried in the cemetery of St. George's, in the Bayswater Road, but the body was stolen by resurrection men, sold to a professor of anatomy at Cambridge, and recognized by a stranger in the dissecting room. “Alas, poor Yorick!” did he say? “I knew him well.”

Sam Weller read *The Sentimental Journey*, let

Zigzags in France

us say, when he was twenty. I wish, if he lived so long, we could have his verdict after a reperusal in the fifties. He might be as sad about it as I am; for sadness is what we feel when confronted by this change in our old friends. I remember a conversation with that most fastidious critic, Mrs. Meynell, when she was suffering from a revulsion of feeling against *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and she was miserable about it all. She had wanted to go on, all her life, thinking of Goldsmith's idyll as gold and she had found it tinsel. And the other day I found a venerable friend—also a critic of world-wide fame—almost in tears because *Persuasion* was turning out to be less than he used to think it.

I say "change in our old friends," but I suppose the truth is that the change is in ourselves and our environment. When I first read *The Sentimental Journey* I was forty years younger; it seemed to me lively, amusing, and audacious. Since then, I have grown older. Even more so, the world has grown older and shifted its points of view. There has been an eye-opening and fibre-coarsening war, which, among other transformations, has converted Sterne's audacity to puerility, and most of his sly self-revelation to

Yorick

unimportant egotism. Not that it was any better then, but his readers didn't know ; they were not ready.

Of course *The Sentimental Journey* must not be dismissed by an expression of one reader's personal disappointment. We have to remember not only that it has admirable passages of wit, fugitive beauty, and discernment ("strokes of delicacy," said Horace Walpole, who found *Tristram Shandy* a bore); vignettes of travel that still stand alone; and the whole of the episode of the passport made out to Yorick, the King's jester: but also that it was the first work of its kind; and originators must always be respected. As it happens, no one has done the thing again, although many have tried. How could they, for this is the most personal of books; and they were not Sterne? The least assiduous of apes may imitate a man's approach; but he cannot reproduce the mind.

But what Sterne's derivatives have done for us is to be more interesting. Sterne is a poor story-teller; he twists and turns, and changes his point of vision, which is chiefly concentrated within, and lets too much of the salient drama escape. When he has a real human figure to

Zigzags in France

rejoice in, and room in which to rejoice, as with Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim in *Tristram Shandy*, he need fear no foe. But *The Sentimental Journey* is different. Also in the case of that book Sterne suffers from an even more serious injury than change in ourselves and change in the world ; he is suffering from his literary rivals, his own progeny. The taste of our day has not yet abandoned Kinglake in *Eothen*, which surely would not have been cast quite in the way it was but for *The Sentimental Journey*. Yet, compared with R. L. S., the appeal of Kinglake is comparatively non-existent, and Sterne finds it hard to compete with *The Inland Voyage* and the *Travels with a Donkey*. And what about Mr. Belloc's *Path to Rome* ?

The Cathedral Verger ∞ ∞ ∞

AFTER seeing York and Durham in the agreeable company of informative and enthusiastic vergers, I am newly aware of how necessary is the part that these functionaries play. Indeed, so far as the curious week-end visitor is concerned, that part is all. Bishop and dean, canon and minor canon, what are they to those of us whose delight it is to loiter in aisles before tomb and window, to stray along cloisters and to descend among Roman or even Saxon remains in the crypt? Nothing. Nor do we too much desire the verger; but we have to have him, and, this being the case, "Let him," we say, "be good." Now both at York and at Durham the vergers were good.

A cathedral verger must, of course, have certain qualities which a parish church verger can do without. He must know, or, at any rate, appear to know, something of architecture; he

Zigzags in France

must suggest the antiquary ; he must have enough expository manner to be able to make himself heard and understood, and enough sense of authority to keep in their place those rebels (constantly occurring) who are either facetious or who rather angrily want to know why there is a charge to see any part of a public place of worship. Very few men possess, together with a certain grave or reverend mien, these gifts ; those that do are apt to become cathedral vergers. Your parish church verger needs less ; so long as he is decent and sober he can verge.

The York verger into whose sympathetic hands I am glad I chanced to fall is in appearance and manner almost more ecclesiastical than the minister itself ; for that beautiful building, although a stronghold of the faith, has, as you are aware, cheerful glints of light through glass that is always lovely and often gay, whereas this verger, a massive man, was dressed in a kind of black cassock with a clerical collar, and he diffused solemnity. Had I learned that he was the Archbishop in disguise I should not have been surprised.

There are many constituents of the art of cathedral verging ; but almost chief of them is the

The Cathedral Verger

gift of saying things as though for the first time. Too few vergers have tried to master this, but my York official had it in perfection. I did not ask him how long he had been leading visitors round the building, but it was plain that he was an old, old hand ; yet his comments, probably not varying by a syllable, had a hint of spontaneity, an air of freshness. At Durham, however, there was no effort at such irrelevancies ; the verger there struck attitudes and reeled off both information and jest with shameless mechanism. But he is a good friend to his fane, none the less : his admiration is genuine, and when it comes to the hero and to the villain of the piece (so to speak) he becomes more than instructive, amusing.

You know the legend of Durham—how through three or four centuries little companies of the monks of Lindisfarne, after carrying the coffin of their sainted Bishop, Cuthbert, from pillar to post seeking a safe burial-place, at last fixed upon Durham ? The church in which the Saint was laid was not the same glorious structure that now rises from the precipice above the Wear, but vestiges of it may be traced. All this, and more, the verger relates, precisely but with-

Zigzags in France

out emotion or feeling. It is when he comes to St. Cuthbert's misogyny that a note of relish creeps in, for the Saint, you must know, is alleged—not, I believe by his biographer, the Venerable Bede, who also is buried here, but by tradition—to have hated women, and, indeed, still to hate them. In his life, being an exemplary pietist, even an anchorite, St. Cuthbert necessarily had little to do with the fair, except as abbesses or nuns, patronesses or penitents, but the legend states that his avoidance amounted to a hostility and that it has posthumously magnified. The legend may have originated in the necessity of explaining why the Lady Chapel, which is normally at the east end of a cathedral, is, at Durham, at the west end. Anyway, the Saint is credited with forbidding women to do more than occupy a mere strip of any church with which he had to do. Many stories exist as to what happened to those who were so rash as to disobey this ordinance and trespass farther, and it is when the time comes to introduce such anecdotage that the Durham verger really finds his form.

If we call St. Cuthbert his hero, who is his villain? It will give you an idea of the loyalty and zeal of this excellent creature when I say

The Cathedral Verger

that in his eyes the unpardonable sin is bad architecture. His villain then naturally becomes James Wyatt (1746-1813), who was known even to his own casual contemporaries as "The Destroyer," and whose activities are now, in our more intelligent day, increasingly deplored. Every age has its despoiling renovator, but Wyatt seems to have excelled all others, and Durham bears scars of some of the cruellest wounds that he inflicted. At every turn the verger points to a new infamy.

This is the Wyatt who, during Benjamin West's tiff with the Royal Academy in 1804-5, became temporary P.R.A. It was he who made Gothic fashionable by building Fonthill for Alderman Beckford; if you would see an example of his less fantastic manner look at White's Club in St. James's Street. He was surveyor to Westminster Abbey; he restored at Lincoln and Salisbury, Hereford and Lichfield, and, indeed, everywhere, but he could do no right, or so the Durham verger holds. I never heard anyone, not even Wyatt's successor in the same trade, the late Sir Gilbert Scott, so vilified.

I parted from the verger at the famous north door, over which Wyatt constructed a new

Zigzags in France

porch : famous because it bears the great knocker at which the trembling hands of fugitives from justice (could they get so far !) fumbled for sanctuary. A monk was always on duty in a little gallery above, and directly he heard the knock, down he came to "let poor Hilary in." The pursuers might not pass beyond the railings of the cathedral lawn ; but their bullets might ; and you see a hole in the knocker's rim made by one of them as the refugee waited. You see also the recess in the building in which was the cell where he might remain in safety for thirty-seven days—and then God help him indeed, for man would not !

"It is a pity the old custom has died," I said. "To afford this kind of shelter was one of the highest privileges of the Church. Even Wyatt would have a claim on your mercy. I like to think of him knocking at this door, and you running to open it."

"Wyatt ?" he exclaimed. "Me give Wyatt sanctuary ! Not if I know it."

The Geographical Meal



BREAKFAST-TABLE conversation is notoriously unexciting, wavering between moroseness, or, at any rate, gloom, when the family is alone, and artificial high spirits and facetiousness when there are visitors. But I was at breakfast the other day in a house where there was some really interesting talk. Not on my part, but my host's and hostess's ; I merely listened.

It proceeded from the circumstance that all the articles on the table had been collected from different places, not necessarily on the honeymoon, but on various little travels since ; and I was told the history of each. Although everything had come from a different place, they had this point of resemblance, that the shop where they had been bought was always "little," and usually old, and, oddly enough, the dealers were usually either old men or old women, and invari-

Zigzags in France

ably little too. For example, the red and purple Mason-ware cream jug came from "that fascinating little old shop at Brighton—in East Street, isn't it?—opposite the best Chelsea buns, anyway—where there is always lace and coloured glass in the window"; while the butter-dish had been bought in an equally fascinating little shop in the Rue Tronchet, "on the left as you leave the back of the Madeleine."

"Yes, and the ivory caddy came from there, too," my host interjected.

"Oh, Will," said his wife, "how you do get things muddled! Why, that tea-caddy came from Tonbridge. Don't you remember? When the car broke down and we had so long to wait and spent all that money at that little furniture shop with the funny little old man?"

"I remember spending money," he said, "but I'd forgotten on what."

"Anyhow, Will," said his wife, "you can't go wrong over the sugar tongs. You remember that delightful little old shop in Bath, on the way up the principal street: one of the houses that stick out. It's on the other side to Mallet's, but lower down. The sugar tongs came from there, and this jug for hot milk came from the little

The Geographical Meal

old shop at Salisbury on the right as you go into the Close."

"Are you sure?" Will asked. "My recollection is that we bought that at Winchester, at the little old shop at the corner of the street just before you come to Jane Austen's house."

"No," said his wife, holding up the cold milk jug. "This is what we bought there."

"I dare say," he said. "Your memory is better than mine, and all cathedral cities are the same to me."

And so they went on, rekindling in me old desires to explore again provincial curiosity shops—surely one of the most amusing pastimes that exist. In London the dealers know too much and ask too much; but in the country one at any rate feels on firmer ground. It is probably a delusion. Certainly I doubt if the little old men and the little old women who earry on their trade in the shadow of cathedrals are as guileless as they look. There are nowadays, called into being largely by the American invasion, so many of these rivals that one marvels how they subsist. Can it be by selling each other Toby jugs and warming-pans?

Zigzags in France

“Where did the bread plate come from?” I asked.

That was from Munich, and the marmalade pot was from Rotterdam, and the two silver salt-cellars from a sale at Dumfries, and the tablecloth came from Milan, and the little lace mats were Binche from Malines. And nearly all had been acquired from little old men or little old women in little old shops: all but the toasting fork, which was made to order by the village blacksmith at Deans Prior, in Devon, where Herriek once was pastor. Little old men are not strong enough to be blacksmiths.

As for the breakfast service proper, that had been bought at a shop in Seville, across the bridge.

“Yes,” said my host, “and do you remember what a surprise it was to us, when the bill for the crockery came, to find what the dealer’s name was?”

“What was it?” I asked.

“You’d never guess,” he said. “The same name as one of our most distinguished statesmen. Why a Seville dealer in earthenware shouldn’t be named Asquith I don’t know; but you wouldn’t expect it.”

I am omitting any reference to the other inter-

The Geographical Meal

polations concerning the occasions on which these articles were bought ; but during the meal my host and hostess travelled again hundreds of miles and recalled as many incidents of each voyage. And here again the diminutive adjective governed : the sacristans who had been so amusing and attentive in the churches and cathedrals were all “little” ; the head waiters were “little” ; the chambermaids, with the funny broken English, were “little.”

Before we rose from that table we had been all over Europe, but it sounded like Lilliput.

How great an improvement, I thought, on the old facetious system of calling coffee-pots, and sugar basins, and other domestic articles after the persons who had given them as wedding presents. “ Please pass Aunt Selina ” is a joke that can pall very quickly.

“ And what about this pepper-mill ? ” I asked.

My host and hostess exchanged portentous glances.

“ You may well ask,” he said. “ That pepper-pot marks one of the dark spots in my poor wife’s career. Tell him.”

“ No, you,” said my hostess.

“ Well,” he said, “ briefly and crudely, she stole

Zigzags in France

it. She put it in her bag in a restaurant in Rome, when the waiter wasn't looking."

"Can this be true?" I inquired, severely.

"I'm afraid so," she replied. "But we had been grossly overcharged and we hadn't enjoyed our lunch. Besides, it was so attractive, don't you think? I like it. Don't you?"

"Very much," I said, "and if you should chance to miss it you'll know where it is and have a very poor case for recovering it. I hope that is your only instance of theft."

"Souvenir hunting," she murmured.

"As long as I can help it," said her husband, "it's the last. I never was in such a funk in my life, for fear some one had noticed it."

"But it is attractive, isn't it?" she repeated.

Woman! Woman!

The Heel of Achilles ∩ ∩ ∩

IT was not until after many refusals that I consented at last to be a personal conductor of a party of Australian friends to Avebury and neighbourhood.

They had used every ineitement to induce me to forget my London duties and play truant for the day. They had said the nicest things :

“ No one could explain everything so interestingly.”

“ You know so much.”

“ Yes, and you say it so well.”

“ You look as if a day off would do you good.”

“ You know England backwards.”

“ We should have such confidence in your information.”

All this was very flattering, but my defence did not give way until one of the company—the youngest and prettiest—said, “ Maybe you’ll get

Zigzags in France

an article out of our silly remarks. We are sure to say or do something awfully stupid."

That was an idea, certainly. Articles are not so easily come by that one can afford to throw away opportunities ; and our cousins from the Dominions are, of course, when the hand that deals with them is gentle, fair game. And this one was very fair game.

" You won't be offended if I score off you ? " I asked her.

She said she would adore it.

And so everything was settled and we started.

It was delightfully fine and they had provided a car which took us very comfortably.

I showed them all the sights : the new Great West Road, which opens so blandly at Chiswick ; the old coaching inns where horses were changed ; the miles of cabbage-fields where once highwaymen roved ; Colnbrook with the bridge where you pass in an instant from Middlesex into Bucks ; the ancient Ostrich inn ; and then I prepared them for the first and sudden view of Windsor Castle rising in the distance in all its romantic authentic mediæval bulk.

At Slough I had the luck to remember an odd historical incident which has stuck in the memory

The Heel of Achilles

to the exclusion of much that is more valuable—to wit, that the first occasion on which the electric telegraph was of assistance to the police in detecting a criminal was in connection with a Quaker named Tawell, who, having committed a murder at Slough, was, through the medium of the new invention, arrested at Paddington at the moment when, feeling safe and sound and beyond anxiety, he alighted from the train.

This story took us to Maidenhead, where I pointed out Skindle's, and we stopped on the bridge to see the river each way; and then in Maidenhead Thicket came more highwayman lore; and so on to Twyford and the river Loddon and Reading (where Quakers of a variety totally antagonistic to Mr. Tawell of Slough make biscuits; a statue of one of them, with his umbrella, is in the centre of the town), and so on to Newbury, with anecdotes of Jack of Newbury and light but authoritative references to the two battles fought there—the first (as you, of course, recollect) on September 20, 1643, and the second on October 27 a year later. Then to Hungerford and so through Savernake Forest (literary references to Richard Jefferies and his *Round About a Great Estate*, and anecdotes of the famous

Zigzags in France

Marquis of Ailesbury) to Marlborough (names of famous scholars), and so to our destination, Avebury, that minor Stonehenge, where lunch was awaiting us at the hospitable "Red Lion."

I will not trouble you with my learned dissertation on the famous stones, the temple, the great circle and the lesser circle, the avenue, and all the various conjectures of antiquaries as to their meaning. Suffice it to say that my reputation as one who knows and can explain, pleasingly and without pedantry, was not only upheld but increased.

We returned by way of Devizes (recollections of Sir Thomas Lawrence and his childhood at "The Bear"; references to illustrious visitors to Bath who used to stop here for the night—Quin, Foote), and so back to town, I still now and then shedding facts, and none of the party saying anything gauche at all, anything of the slightest use to my bright satirical pen.

Gradually we sank into silence, and one or two of us may even have napped: with perfect propriety, for the same road was being traversed; but between Slough and Colnbrook my fairest companion's eyes caught sight of a motor-cycle ahead of us carrying two riders so unsuitably

The Heel of Achilles

dressed that she drew our attention to them at once.

“Oh, do look at that!” she exclaimed. “Just think of going out on a mo-bike in top-hats and tail-coats! Doesn’t that beat everything?”

“It’s not so odd as you think,” I replied; “just about here, that is. In most parts of England it might be peeuliar, but not just about here. I’ll explain.”

They prepared to listen.

“Isn’t it luck,” said the prettiest girl, “having *him* with us—the one man who really knows?”

Having finished blushing, I resumed. “We are close to Eton,” I said. “It is over there, just this side of Windsor Castle. The river Thames is between them. And that motor-bicycle belongs to two Etonians out on a joy-ride. When you go to Eton you will notice that the older boys wear top-hats and tail-coats; the famous Eton jacket belongs to the younger boys only. Now these two ahead of us are no doubt members of ‘Pop,’ the swagger club of the school, and have special rights in consequence. Look at them well when we overtake them: you’ll very likely see a future Prime Minister or

Zigzags in France

Viceroy, a future Duke or owner of a Derby winner."

All excitement for such fateful or aristocratic lineaments, we prepared for the spectacle. But as the moment of passing arrived the prettiest girl gave me a swift and horrified glance which, although there was sympathy in it too, I would pay a hundred pounds not to have deserved.

For my Etonians turned out to be two middle-aged men with moustaches, in rusty black, very obviously connected with a firm of local undertakers.

Alas ! for the pride of "Pop."

Alas ! for the pride of the cicerone.

Animals in Communication ∞ ∞

A PARAGRAPH, first in a morning paper and then in an evening, tells the world that Mr. Hutson, a postman, crossing a pasture near Grimsby, was approached by a cow lowing piteously and occasionally running to a corner of the field. Following, he found a calf at the bottom of a dry well. The calf was rescued, whereupon the cow showed her delight by unmistakable signs. This incident proves, if proof of anything so obvious were needed, that animals have it in their power to communicate with us.

But what I want to know is : How do they communicate with each other ?

It is certainly not by actual speech. Those movements of the lips and tongue and teeth which we bring into play in order to tell each other that it is another wet day, are not, so far as my observation goes, in use among horses, cattle, dogs, or cats. A cat, it is true, purrs, and there

Zigzags in France

may be gradations and subtleties in purring that correspond to speech ; but, on the other hand, one does not hear two cats purring at one another. When cats address each other—at any rate, at night—they emit sounds which can so easily be construed into conversation that they had better pass quickly from this inquiry.

But horses and cattle ? Beyond the neigh of one horse to another across the hedge, or a bereaved mother's desolate keening for her calf, they are mute ; and one rarely sees them even in the attitude of exchanging confidences. For the most part, when two horses or two bullocks are together, it is to join forces in repelling the attacks of flies. They had, however, to let each other know that such combined strategy would be valued. How did they do it ? How do they communicate ? Is it telepathy ?

When we say the dumb animals, always with pity, or, at any rate, conscious of the superiority of our own articulate voices (although how seldom one hears anything good, or says a good thing to the right listener !), we mean quadrupeds. That those other bipeds, birds, talk together, every one is agreed. They are talking all the while, and it is doubtful, however monotonous their

Animals in Communication

song may sound, if they say the same thing oftener than we do. You have only to set up in your garden a table with crumbs punctually scattered on it to realize that there is a very complete system of broadcasting among sparrows and chaffinches, robins and tits. More accurately, I should say, a very complete system of broadcasting between sparrows and sparrows, chaffinches and chaffinches, and tits and tits. For I have observed that each of these species hates the other, and as for the dear little robin, emblem of Peace and Goodwill on our Christmas cards, he is the greediest, most selfish, and least tolerant of them all. But that most birds talk together, whether their words are abusive or not, is clear. As for rooks, when we are near their assembly we can, of course, actually hear what the discussion is about, for rooks in trees use words far more distinctly than many of those that are intended to reach the Press Gallery in the derivative imitation rookery at Westminster.

I have been referring to the human faculties for articulation and exchange of ideas as though they were perfect ; but even with the apparatus of lips, tongue, and teeth that we, the lords of

Zigzags in France

creation, can flaunt so triumphantly at four-footed creatures—our poor dumb friends—we sometimes fail to communicate to others our own meaning. I was never so astonished in my life as one day in Birmingham during the cricket season of 1924 (peace to its splashes !), when the taxi that was taking me, as I hoped and believed, to the county ground to see the opening of the first Test match, drew up at a forbidding-looking building in one of Birmingham's most ill-favoured streets (and she has a plethora of them), and, as I did not get out but sat solidly on, the driver descended and opened the door with "Here you are."

Anything less like a cricket ground the puny and finite mind of man could hardly conceive. "What do you mean?" I said—I hope like a perfect gentleman, but fear the worst.

"The Synagogue," he replied; "you told me to drive to the Synagogue."

To return to this question of the communication of quadrupeds—the commonest case that comes under our eyes is that of dogs. When do dogs talk? We know from their escapades that dogs can incite each other to mischief; but is that the result of speech, or is it done by example?

Animals in Communication

How does a naughty adventurous terrier persuade a mild home-keeping spaniel to go hunting ? Is it by the visible lure of escape, by the actual sight of himself gaily scampering across the field in the direction of the burrows, or has he used words ? Has he said, “ You’re an awful mutt to stay here in the garden, with a very good chance of being chained up, when there are tons of rabbits over there simply waiting to be chased ” ? If so, when did he say it, and how ?—for who has ever seen a dog’s lips move in articulation ?

Dogs have sight—wonderful sight, considering how near the ground they are ; they have a highly specialized sense of sound ; they have the most sensitive noses ; they have good memories and a perfect system of associating ideas ; they can utter sounds of welcome, of exasperation and of warning. But can they talk ? Although I have kept dogs for many years, I can remember no occasion on which I have seen one go up to another and obviously tell him news.

And the fact remains that there are certain things that dogs don’t tell each other : such obviously necessary things that one is almost entitled to deduce inability to do so. Take the case of a spaniel with puppies—but first we must

Zigzags in France

assume one or two things ; we must assume that a spaniel has a mother's affection, and also that she does not want her offspring unduly to suffer. That is reasonable, isn't it ? But who that has kept dogs has ever found a puppy with its mother still on the premises any easier to train than a puppy ravished from the maternal embrace and brought from a distance ? Certainly the yelps of pain or protest, the cries of fear, ring out under both conditions, and a word of counsel from the mother, were she there, would save them all. But it does not. The misdemeanours go on, and the whackings go on. It looks almost as if the mother really were dumb, after all.

The Dogs of the Old Brigade ∞ ∞

THE ice needing breaking, for we had never met before and there was no immediate topic, who should come to the rescue but the other "friend of man" (for whom no mechanical, petrol-driven substitute has yet been found), the dog? And not an ordinary dog such as we see everywhere, but a visitor from the past, a revenant; in short, a dachshund. In search of a missing owner it pattered across the floor, long and low and sleek and brown and debonair, just as if there had been no Armageddon, just as if it were still the hero of Oberlander's delicate pencil, week by week in the *Flying Leaves*. "Unless I am dreaming," I said, "there goes a dachshund"; and in a few moments we were all at our ease and trying to remember when we had last seen another member of the vanished race, the Dalmatian (or Plum-pudding dog), such as once ran from side to side between the wheels of

Zigzags in France

carriages—from side to side to avoid the horses' hoofs; and at last a witness arose who could fix that event in Edinburgh in 1921. Yes, he had seen one in Heriot Row. Or was it ——? No, it was Heriot Row. My own last glimpse of those oscillating spots is so remote that I could not place it at all; and yet I can remember when plum-pudding dogs were common objects of the town and countryside, and for a comedian to refer to them as “damnation terriers” was a sure road to the removal of gravity.

And so from dog to dog we passed, lamenting our losses and wondering why fashions in those animals should change. There was a very real cause—if not a sufficient reason—why the dachshund should have been dethroned; but nothing but caprice can have led to other of the partial eclipses of Sirius. The Bedlington was once a desirable possession; but not often does one see a Bedlington to-day. Is his infrequency the result of a constant desire to fight? Very likely. On the other hand, the King Charles spaniel has also vanished, and no one can charge that gay and affectionate highbrow with belligerence. Constancy and courage he had, but he was not always trailing his coat. Were the martyr

The Dogs of the Old Brigade

monarch interviewed on this subject of dogs (and nothing seems to be easier to Sunday journalists) I hope that one of the questions would bear upon the number of those disembodied little friends of his that now frisk and frolic about his ghostly knees.

Most of us can remember when the more that old ladies saw of men the more they loved pugs ; but although there are still old ladies, though very few, and still (I fear) men who can disappoint, the canine solace is a pug no longer. The new comforter is generally either a Pekingese or a Cairn. Now when did the knell of the pug toll forth ? When did the Cairn come in ? For a true consoler, the Cairn, I should guess, is over-exuberant. His nature is too investigatory ; he likes exercise ; whereas the pug was quiescent ; the pug knew when he was fortunately placed, and, so long as the lap which it was his destiny to fill was (as it usually was) the lap of luxury, was willing to "stay put." Since the wheel is always turning, the pug may come back. Meanwhile, the demand is for others. And the demand is constantly increasing, every day a new notice-board being somewhere set up beside the highway to tell the passer-by that Sealyhams, Cocker

Zigzags in France

spaniels, West Highlands or Cairns are to be bought in the vicinity. Motor-spirit notices are, of course, most numerous, then tea, and then new-laid eggs ; but the new kennels are catching up.

I visited two on a recent week-end ; a rather curious pied experience, for on the Sunday I was in kennels devoted to little black Cocker spaniels and on the Monday in kennels devoted to the more dazzling Sealyhams. As I approached this "Maison Blanche," I saw in a neighbouring meadow, through the mist, what might have been a gigantic visitor from another planet moving over the grass on a snow-white cloud. On closer view the vision reduced itself to an ex-officer taking his stud for a walk. They flowed about his considerable feet like a flood. Many a warrior I fancy is now breeding dogs for a livelihood, although not so many, of course, as have exchanged the sword for the chicken-pen. All, however, wear knickerbockers and know the shortest cut to the golf links. Even more numerous are the feminine dog-breeders, in tweed skirts, mostly unmarried. The little Sealyhams, which a very few years ago had never been heard of in London or the South, but are now in hectic demand, barked and yapped me deaf ; whereas

The Dogs of the Old Brigade

the little Cockers only cried and whimpered to be loved. Who could withhold love from a Cocker puppy? Not I. Besides, they wouldn't let you. The more they see of men, the more Cockers like them.

But I have said too much about the smaller dogs. Justice now for the great. When will St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Great Danes and mastiffs return? When George Du Maurier's hand was busy in *Punch* in adding by sheer force of enchanting example—for the Fair have in certain directions a marvellous tractability—three inches to the height of England's daughters, he often gave his goddesses the companionship of St. Bernards. I see no St. Bernards now. The larger dogs that our present-day reduced, flattened and shingled Amazons lead, or are led by, are Alsatian police-dogs, one of the more humane legacies of the War, or Labradors. But if we had a George Du Maurier to-day, he could, I am sure, with a few strokes, bring the St. Bernard back and set our women's heads again among the stars.

The Twins



“WE are all so unhappy,” said the letter. “Poor Jack’s broken his leg. He won’t be out and about again for a long while. Do come and cheer us up.”

I went, of course, and heard the whole story. Lucky the bus strike was on!

I saw Jack first. He was looking exceedingly sorry for himself, but rather liking his place in the limelight. A gentle illness now and then, when one is not unpopular in the house, can be very gratifying, and it’s cheaper than a formal rest-cure. Sympathy before routine. Friends: not nurses.

Looking at Jack stretched out luxuriously with an expression in his eye compounded of self-pity and self-satisfaction, I felt that I could sustain—that is the word, I believe—a broken leg myself now and again and be all the better for it.

The Twins

In the library, over our tea, Margaret told me all about the accident.

It seems that the two children—they are twins, but not a bit alike—had had an unexpected wind-fall. Uncle Jim, back from India, had blown in to lunch and had presented his nieces with a ten-shilling note apiece. Uncles apparently, base as the world has grown, still occasionally do things like this. Good. Let the gods stand up for uncles! The consequence was that no sooner was lunch over—in fact, before it was over for careful adult eaters and drinkers—the twins were off on a shopping expedition, and of course Jack went too.

“You know how fond he is of going out with the children?” Margaret added.

“Of course,” I said. “Why not? I should like to go out with them myself.”

“Yes,” sighed their mother; “but you don’t know how wilful they are.”

Don’t know? Of course I know. Wilfulness is the order of the day. But what a change! Looking back on my own childhood I can remember almost no occasion on which I was wilful—I mean detrimentally. There was no chance; we weren’t allowed to be. My vision of my own

Zigzags in France

childhood is as of a long, straight and tidy avenue, with, on each side, grass which it was our duty to keep off, and which we kept off. But now the only thing that the young keep off is the path itself. And when they are a little older—in the later teens—and they have their lipsticks and their cigarette-cases, you might as well try to control the movements of a blizzard.

“Well,” said Margaret, “when they got to Regent Street they seem each to have set up independence in an acute form, so that, instead of doing their shopping together, they separated, and one went into a shop on one side of the street and the other into a shop on the other. I blame their uncle intensely.”

I made a sound that meant “Oh, rubbish!”

“Yes, I do,” Margaret continued hotly. “When he gave them the notes he made the foolish stipulation that they should spend them at once. ‘No nonsense about money-boxes,’ he said.”

“Quite right,” said I.

“Not at all, not at all,” said Margaret. “Quite wrong. Uncles can be very dangerous and disturbing. The girls’ heads were completely turned. And as for poor Jack—you see

The Twins

he was distracted. He adores them both, and he felt it his duty to be with both ; he was responsible for them. But how can anyone be with two wilful girls at the same moment when one is on one side of Regent Street and one is on the other ? It isn't possible."

"No," I agreed after sufficient thought ; "it isn't possible."

"And that's how the accident happened," said Margaret. "The poor darling kept crossing from one side to the other, trying to have his eye on both, and a taxi came along and knocked him over and broke his leg. If there hadn't been a bus strike he'd have been killed for a certainty."

"Good old Jack !" said I. "How splendid of him !"

"Yes," said Margaret ; "and there are people who say that collies aren't trustworthy !"

In all Sobriety ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

WE were mentioning—within reason—the occasion in our lives when we had been made to look most foolish. It is a good subject for conversation, so long as people are truthful.

Various contretemps had been related, and then came the turn of the Doctor.

“Even you,” I said, “for all your owlish wisdom and self-protectiveness, have been caught out once, I’m sure.”

“Of course,” he replied. “Even I. In fact, I haven’t lived it down yet, although thirty years have passed. I have a brother who still has to hold on to something to keep him steady whenever he refers to it.

“It was soon after I had gone into practice. One day, by a mistake on the part of the maid, a man was shown into my consulting-room, who, instead of being, as I expected, a patient—and

In all Sobriety

patients weren't so common then—was a drummer, and his special line was glass. Before I could put up any effective attack he had whipped out of his bag a carafe and a tumbler.

“ ‘ These,’ he said, ‘ are the perfect things for a doctor’s waiting- or consulting-room. Elegant in shape and—what is much more to the point—unbreakable. All medical men suffer from breakages ; but with these you need never fear such expense again. They are made of a new patent toughened glass, so that—well, look ! ’

“ To prove his words he tossed the carafe on to the floor, and it bounded lightly along it, intact. He retrieved it and threw it up to the ceiling, and down it came and again bounced along, intact. Then he pitched the tumbler on the floor, and it survived the shock. Then he offered them to me, and I threw them about.

“ The upshot of it was that I bought them, chiefly for fun, and he went away happy.

“ That was in the morning. On the evening of the same day I was dining with some friends and going to a ball, and also on that evening I was expecting my eldest brother on a visit.

“ He was a don at Cambridge, and was coming from there—a long journey—and as he had not

Zigzags in France

arrived by the time I had to go, I left him a note of apology explaining the situation and putting the house and the cellar at his disposal, and went off to my revels."

He stopped and began to laugh softly. Personally I am all in favour of men enjoying their own jokes, and it was a delight to see his eyes moisten and disappear amid the wrinkles.

"It was a very jolly dance," he resumed, "and I was there till the end, reaching home somewhere about half-past two. On the hall-table I found a note from my brother, adjuring me, however late I was, to give him a call and say how do ; and I prepared to do so, but first I looked into the consulting-room to see if there were any messages. The first thing I saw was the carafe and tumbler, and as my brother had always had the same interest in the marvellous and unexpected as I—we had been great experimentalists as boys—I took the tumbler with me.

"Quietly opening his door I struck a match and lit the gas.

"He at once woke.

" 'Hullo, old man ! ' he said, blinking and sitting up ; ' I hope you've had a good time.'

" ' Splendid,' I said. ' But, I say, I want you

In all Sobriety

to see this. One of the most extraordinary things in the world.'

"I showed him the tumbler and lifted it above my head.

" 'Now watch,' I said, and flung it to the floor, where it broke into about ten million pieces. . . .

"To this hour, no matter what I do or say, it is my brother's firm conviction that I was drunk."

The Amazing Week ∞ ∞ ∞

ALTHOUGH this is a fish story, people who don't like fish stories need not be afraid of it. It is not that kind of fish story.

Once upon a time—in fact only a few days ago—there were two roach swimming in the river Thames. Two ladies. The part of the Thames that they inhabited was at Maidenhead, and they knew practically no other. They had been born there, and there, until a few days ago, they had successfully avoided both the natural maladies and dangers incident to the life of young fish and the insidious attraction of the dainty allurements fixed by man to his barbed hooks. They may now and then have strayed towards Taplow or Cookham, and in an adventurous mood, on a recent occasion of flood, they perhaps actually reached Maidenhead High Street and peeped into a shop or two ; but for the most part they remained in the home waters in their own set. It

The Amazing Week

was a nice set, conscious of being better behaved than some of the frequenters of the lawns at the riverside inns.

On a recent Sunday, however, came disaster. Almost at the same moment, for they were the kind of girls who shared experiences, first one of the roach and then the other, after gulping at a morsel of floating sustenance, was conscious of a sharp pain in the mouth and then was irresistibly pulled upwards through the friendly water into the less desirable air, and then, after a cruel wrench, much worse than the dentist's, deposited in the utterly abhorrent dryness of a creel. They had been caught. They had fallen to the rods and lines of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fortescue, of Church Street, Chelsea, who had come down in their fourteen-four for a day's fishing and for an hour or so had been seated in a punt on two kitchen chairs, getting colder and colder, but hoping for the best—the best hopes of anglers being indistinguishable from the worst fears of fish.

So far there is nothing in this episode to lift it to the honour of record in print. I am aware of that. Young professional men and their wives, while life still has an edge and responsible nurses can be left behind, have constantly gone by car

Zigzags in France

to riverside spots on Saturdays and Sundays either to fish or to loaf; roach have constantly been caught. But this is perhaps the first occasion on which two roach were ever taken out of the river at Maidenhead on one Sunday, and on the next—but you shall hear.

Such a miracle having happened, the narrative passes from me to the two fish as served by them to their friends a few days later, when, to the intense surprise of all subaqueous Maidenhead, which is, of course, the real Maidenhead, they arrived, exhausted but jubilant and voluble, in their old haunts.

“But where have you been?” the others clamoured. “We thought you had gone for ever.”

“Yes, where have you been?” (a little reproachfully). “There was a memorial service for you; very impressive. Don’t say that was all wasted!”

“The last that was seen of you, you were beating in the void your luminous tails in vain.”

“Tell us, tell us.”

The two roach, who needed no such invitation, then began, telling their adventures, as two girls must, either in unison or both together.

The Amazing Week

"It was dreadful—horrible," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "at first we could do nothing but lie in the basket, getting weaker and weaker and reminding ourselves and each other of what fools we had been."

"But your mouths," some one asked—"didn't they hurt?"

"Oh, we forgot all about that in thinking of our folly, in remorse."

"Yes, that's when it all comes back," said her sister, "when you're pegging out. You'll know."

"Then the people unmoored," said the other, "and rowed to the bank, and we were carried away; and after a while there was a lot of noise and shaking; and then we fainted away. Didn't we?"

"Yes, practically. I thought I was dead. Indeed I wanted to be."

"So did I. And I shall never understand why we weren't. We must be intended for some wonderful career."

"Get on, get on," said the others.

"Very well. The next thing we knew was that the noise and shaking had stopped, and we were in a hot room, and the woman was surrounded by children and was saying, 'There, now, be quiet

Zigzags in France

for a moment and I'll show you the darling little fish Daddy and I caught exactly at the same time. Two roach.' As she said this she held us up. I was just conscious, but thought it was the next world."

"So did I," said the other.

" 'Oh, what pets !' the children cried. 'Are they dead ?' "

" 'Yes,' said the man. 'Of course they are.' "

" 'What a shame !' said the children. That was nice of them, wasn't it ?' "

"Yes," said the other ; "but don't forget what they said next. They said, 'We can have them for breakfast, can't we ?' "

"Yes, they did ; and their horrible mother said, 'Of course, darlings' ; and then she gave a little squeal. 'George,' she cried, 'I'm certain that that one moved !' This was me."

"I thought it was me," said the other.

"No, me. 'Purely muscular,' said George ; 'of course they're dead.' "

"And then," said the other, "one of the children screamed out, 'Oh, Mummy, the other one moved ! They're not dead, they're not dead !' and they jumped up and down in the most

The Amazing Week

gratifying manner. Really, children aren't so bad."

"And then," said the other, "they insisted on our being put in the bath. The little Samaritans!"

" 'I thought you wanted them for breakfast,' said the mother. A loathsome creature! 'But let's have them in the bath first,' they said. 'If they're alive it's much more fun to watch them swim.' "

"And one of the boys said, 'We might fish for them and catch them again, every now and then.' Didn't he?" the other asked. "Didn't he?"

"He did," said the other.

"All these words, you must understand, came to us as in a dream, and then suddenly we returned to real life again in the water of the bath. 'Well,' said the man, 'it's the most extraordinary thing. I shall write to *The Field* about it.' How long we were in the bath I have no notion."

"What is this bath you talk so much about?" asked one of the company, who was accustomed to do more talking than listening.

"Oh, don't you know?" said the heroines. "How odd! But, of course, you've never had

Zigzags in France

our experiences. People keep great white tanks in small rooms to splash in in the mornings. Not in bathing costumes, as they do here, but all bare. When they were splashing we were taken out and put in a pail. The father splashed first. He sang too. It was horrible. Then the mother. Then the children. When the last had finished, we were put back again. It's a lucky thing there's this fondness for water among the hook-fiends. Nothing else could have saved us."

"Yes," said the other, "but we almost began to wish sometimes we had gone to the cook, those children were so attentive. They never let us alone. They were either fishing for us with hooks—and of course we weren't so silly as to be caught again——"

"Nor ever will be!" said the other. "At least I'm sure I shan't."

"And I'm sure I shan't either, not if I have to starve first."

"If they weren't fishing for us with hooks, baited," said the other, "with the most repulsive things——"

"If they weren't fishing for us they were trying to catch us with their hands, and then dropping us because we wriggled so."

The Amazing Week

“I was dropped on the bathroom floor,” said the other, “thirty times at least.”

“But it was this that got us our chance, we mustn’t forget that. They made such an awful row when we wriggled and they dropped us that the man said it must stop. ‘Either eat the infernal things,’ he said——”

“I’m not sure his language wasn’t worse,” said the other.

“It may have been. His tone was appalling, anyhow. ‘Either eat the infernal things,’ he said, ‘or let them go. I won’t have them in the bath another minute.’ This was a terrible moment for us. What would they do?”

“‘Oh, we can’t eat them,’ said one of the children, ‘they’re such pretties. Let’s take them down to the steps and put them into the river again.’ ‘Yes! Yes!’ the others cried. And that is what happened. They took us down in a jug, just by Battersea Bridge, and poured us into the Thames.”

“Yes, and here we are! Did you ever dream of such an amazing week?”

The Cherry Tree



THE Washingtons were not alone in the possession of a cherry-tree. The Musgroves had one too ; but Cyril Musgrove did not get off so lightly as the young George, nor deserve to, for Cyril told a lie. A real lie—in fact two, as you shall hear.

The Musgroves' cherry-tree was a white-heart, and it stood, and stands, on the edge of their orchard in Kent, not a hundred miles from Otford, and in the summer which I am recalling it was covered with fruit.

Cherries are always pretty good, but never so perfect as when they are picked from the tree, a little warm from the sun, without the intervention of other fingers, and, if gashed by a bird's bill, so much the sweeter, because birds know.

The Musgrove children knew too, and every time they looked up into the tree they longed more and more to eat their fill, but the fear of

The Cherry Tree

being found out restrained them. If the tree had been more remotely placed they might have been more daring, but there it stood, and stands, at the orchard's edge, close to the lawn, on the other side of which was the garden-room where Mr. Musgrove did his work at the window. The duty of fathers is, of course, to be in distant City offices during the day and patrol their grounds only at night. But Mr. Musgrove, who, though kind, was strict and full of enactments, carried on his toil at home and kept a very watchful eye on his adventurous young. He was also fixed in his determination that the cherries should not be picked till a certain date.

It was, as usual, Emily who had the bright idea. (Emily was eleven, Hugh nine, Cyril seven, and Robin five.) While staying with Aunt Olga in the Christmas holidays, Emily had been taken to the Natural History Museum and found it as tedious a place as any child would whose mind had been set on pantomime and circus. But in this world we are never aware till later of what treasure or disaster any moment may be preparing for us, and had it not been for the Natural History Museum visit Emily would

Zigzags in France

have been unable to make her marvellous suggestion ; but, having been there and having seen the cases illustrating mimicry, she was all ready to put before her brothers the great Protective Colouring project.

“ If,” she said, “ we were to paint ourselves green and go up into the tree we should be invisible. Especially,” she remarked as an afterthought, “ if we had a green basket.”

“ Why ? ” Robin asked.

“ Because, foolish one, we should be the same colour as the leaves,” she said. “ There’s some green paint in the potting-shed,” she added.

Cyril and Hugh looked at each other dubiously. with an expression that asked, “ Which of us is doomed ? ” They were accustomed to Emily’s plans for the peril of others.

“ I think Cyril would be the best,” Emily said judiciously. “ He’s the best climber, and he’s little too and so he won’t need so much paint. There isn’t too much and we must keep some for the basket.”

“ Do I have to be painted all over ? ” Cyril asked.

“ Of course,” said the strategist.

“ I should have thought,” said Hugh, “ that

The Cherry Tree

if a little paint were left out here and there it might look like cherries."

"No," said Emily firmly, "green all over. We'll do it directly after lunch. Father may go to sleep then."

The painting of Cyril was perhaps the greatest artistic feat outside the pages of Vasari, of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, even of Berenson and Roger Fry. Every inch of the poor boy was covered with that variety of green which the eye is accustomed to see on trellis-work and wheelbarrows but never on the leaves of a tree, no matter what its genus. When he was finished he was the oddest and most elfish thing you ever dreamed of, but as a wood-sprite, an effluence of the boskage, a total failure. Emily, however, seemed to have no sense of this; it was enough that he was green, all shades of verdancy being one to her. She surveyed him with pride, and, after a series of detours undertaken with the purpose of keeping out of the house's observation, manœuvred him to the tree and sent him up it, remaining herself not too near for danger.

The depredation was in full swing when Mr. Musgrove chanced to come out of the house. Cyril watched fearfully as he stood by the door

Zigzags in France

and slowly filled his pipe. He lit it, made sure it was alight, and then, after a momentary indecision, walked towards the orchard.

The cherry-robber held his breath ; no animal—bird, insect or lizard—such as he was representing could have been more quiescent, less desirous of attracting notice.

Mr. Musgrove drew nearer, stopped under the tree and looked up.

“ Cyril ! ” he called sharply, “ What are you doing there ? Come down at once.”

Cyril remained motionless, save for a heart that seemed to be rocking the universe.

“ Come down at once ! ” Mr. Musgrove repeated.

“ Oh, father,” said Cyril piteously, yet with a note of injured pride, “ you can’t see me. I’m not here.”

* * * * *

The rest of the story is too painful, comprising as it does several unwelcome elements, such as a homily (with a distressing accompaniment which of course hurt Mr. Musgrove more than his son) on the wickedness of theft, deception and mendacity ; temporary exile from the rest of the family, and an inhibition from all

The Cherry Tree

cherry-eating for that summer (which might indeed have been the complete punishment). But perhaps the worst of it was getting off the paint. This was terrible. Never take a turpentine bath if you can avoid it.

The Little Brothers of the Poor

IT was on one of our walking holidays that we came to a certain inn, in a small Berkshire town, and made it our home for two nights instead of one. The reasons for such a long stay were the flavour of the ham and the friendliness of the host and hostess, added to the fact that the place occupied a key position for the Berkshire Downs, which we were proposing to investigate.

The inn—the “Red Lion” we will call it—was old and spreading, with a front half timber and whitewash, several thatched roofs, stable-yard, yellow-and-white spaniel, fantails, and a large empty room at the back. Behind all this a garden. A rookery not far away. The landlord had been a footman and his wife a cook, in the same family, and they had but just taken over the licence. Other houses in the place were however still most in favour, as the previous tenant

Little Brothers of the Poor

of the "Red Lion" had been famous for short measure—the unpardonable sin in a Boniface—and the landlord confided to us his anxiety as to whether or not he would be able to hold on. It was a free house, you see, without any brewery-backing.

We were in the neighbourhood of Tom Hughes' "White Horse" the next day, eating our lunch in a shelter from the wind, when Dick Struthers suddenly said, "I have it. I know how to help the 'Red Lion.' We'll stock a museum for him. People love curiosities and that'll give him a pull over the other inns."

"But won't it cost an awful lot?" Tommy Ridley asked.

"Awful lot your grandmother!" said Dick. "We've all got half a dozen things we would part with cheerfully, and the rest can be begged or picked up for next to nothing."

"Then you don't mean real curiosities?" Tommy asked in wonder.

"They'll be real enough for the purpose when they've got their labels on them," said Dick. "I know this is a good scheme," he continued. "I know quite half a dozen inns with museums, and they're always popular. Now," he went on

Zigzags in France

—he was in his element—“ in forming a collection of curiosities to act as a lure to licensed premises we have to ask ourselves, ‘ What does the public want ? Does it want instruction or entertainment ? ’ The answer is, ‘ Entertainment, with a suggestion of instruction to flatter it. ’ ‘ Does it want generalities or personalities ? ’ The answer is, ‘ Personalities. ’ We then ask ourselves, ‘ Are the persons likely to be more popular or less popular according to their depravity ? ’ ‘ More popular. ’ ‘ And if you ran short of picturesque depravity, what other class of souvenirs would best act as a magnet ? ’ The answer is, ‘ Those appertaining to royalty. ’ Very well, then, we know how to proceed. In your researches for relics you will concentrate on those that belonged or might have belonged either to criminals or kings.”

That evening Dick explained the project to the landlord, but without emphasizing the element of deception. “ If you’ll go to the expense of some glass-cases in that big empty room,” he said, “ we’ll undertake to fill them for you with the right stuff.

“ Under your sign-board,” said Dick, “ you will have the inviting words, ‘ Visit Our Old

Little Brothers of the Poor

Curiosity Museum. Free.' If you don't add 'Free' they won't come in, because they'll think it's a shop. Once they come in they'll stop, get excited, get thirsty, and when they go away they'll tell their friends about it, and some of them very likely will send you things of their own for it. Every one's got something that might suit. Is it a bargain?"

The landlord said that he couldn't well say No. It was all very sudden, but we seemed to be clever gentlemen, and he was a sporting kind of fellow himself. Yes.

And so we went ahead and for some weeks had the most amusing time in searching our own homes and our friends and relations' homes, and London's junk shops, for odds and ends that might carry a seducing inscription. I don't suppose that we spent a fiver all told, but among the articles thus accumulated were some astonishing rarities.

We had some uproarious evenings in fixing their significance and writing labels.

"Here's an old wedding-ring," I said. "Whose is it?"

"Are there any hall-marks?" Dick asked.

"No," I said; "they've been worn away."

Zigzags in France

“Then it’s one of Henry the Eighth’s, of course. Write a label, ‘One of Henry the Eighth’s wedding-rings.’”

“But would it be enough of a rarity? He had so many wedding-rings.”

“Make it Ann Boleyn’s as given to the executioner in the Tower.”

“Here’s a jemmy,” said Tommy Ridley. “Whose is it—Jack Sheppard’s, I presume?”

“No,” said Dick; “too far back—Charles Peace’s. We’ll give Jack Sheppard one of those old pistols. ‘From the Trenchard Collection.’ The name of a collection is very convincing.”

“Here’s a piece of wire from one of the Duke of Wellington’s field telephones,” said Tommy proudly.

“Don’t be silly,” said Dick. “‘Fanciful but not impossible’ must be our motto.”

“Then what shall I do with it?” Tommy asked.

“Don’t waste it,” said Dick. “Call it ‘Wire from first Atlantic cable.’”

And so we went through the list.

We had some of Mary Queen of Scots’ hair (Dick’s sister’s—and they had an awful row over

Little Brothers of the Poor

it too, he told us) cut on the scaffold ; some of Lady Jane Grey's (from the same source) ; one of Charles the First's handkerchiefs (" From the Howlett Collection ") ; an hour-glass that used to stand on the ledge of John Knox's pulpit ; a flag from the *Victory* (" From the Hamilton Collection ") ; a hare's foot that had been Garrick's ; a make-up stick that had been Sir Henry Irving's (Dick knew several actors) ; some grains of gunpowder from one of Guy Fawkes's tubs (" From the Monteagle Collection ") ; a piece of concrete, a relic of the Wainwright murder ; a cricket-ball used in a famous Test Match ; a piece of gold lace from a coat worn by Charles II ; a neckerchief that was Nell Gwynn's ; a chip of wood from a tree cut down by Mr. Gladstone ; a shoe worn by Hermit when he won the Derby in a snowstorm ; a threepenny-bit with the Lord's Prayer on it ; a series of finger-prints by famous malefactors (I made these) ; the favourite glass from which Robert Burns used to drink his toddy (" From the John Anderson Collection ") ; the pen with which Dickens wrote *Pickwick* ; one of Sweeney Todd's razors ; and so forth. It was a marvellously catholic assemblage, chosen with great knowledge of the narrow

Zigzags in France

range of the ordinary tripper's interests and historical and literary knowledge.

That was years ago, when the landlord was simple and slim. To-day he has retired, lives at Bournemouth, weighs eighteen stone and has a son at Oxford.

The Breaking Point ∞ ∞ ∞

HAVING received from an eccentric elderly friend, who was more or less confined to the house and therefore unable to act in the matter for herself, a rather curious commission, I had been walking about London with a new interest and watchfulness. A flower of the old school, where punctilio was still honoured, she found herself distressed by the free-and-easy behaviour and the general tendency towards self-gratification of our day, and it was with the idea not only of rewarding good manners, but possibly, in a very small way, of promoting them, that she had authorized me to go to as much as a tanner (her own words were "a ten-pound note") if I came upon any startling example of public courtesy. Naturally it would be among the poorer performers ; I was not to proffer any such guerdon to a Duke or a Duchess, even were they eligible. Nor was I to concern myself with such

Zigzags in France

common and mechanical manifestations of chivalry as the surrender of seats in omnibuses or railway compartments. The deed must be remarkable, and I was to be the sole judge.

I don't pretend that this odd service was always on my mind. Perhaps if it had been I might sooner have found an opportunity for disbursement. But, as it happened, many weeks had passed before anything occurred unusual enough to satisfy my critical taste.

I saw some opportunities missed, I will admit. There was the incident of the hat blown from the head of the girl in an open car on the new Great West Road, which none of the three cars following hers stopped to pick up. That was a bad break ; but, on the other hand, it would hardly have concerned my almonry : you can't offer a polite motorist a ten-pound note. Such virtue as his, when found, must surely be its own reward. Moreover, I was in one of the cars that didn't stop.

Were I a satirical person this difficulty in finding a recipient for my old friend's bounty might move me to sardonic mirth. Fortunately I am not. How many fruitless weeks passed I can't recollect, but at last the search yielded results, for one afternoon in Sloane Street I saw an errand-

The Breaking Point

boy pick up a lady's dropped parcel and return it to its owner, and I knew at once that here was the qualifying deed. But to pick up a parcel and return it, you will say, is an automatic matter ; it would be almost impossible not to do it. True ; but there are different ways, and there was something of courtliness about this boy that was wholly unexpected and engaging. He was about fourteen, neat but rather threadbare, wearing a bowler ; and when he had handed the parcel and the owner was thanking him he took his bowler off. It was that touch which decided me in his favour as a worthy competitor. Errand-boys in such circumstances would not ordinarily remove their hats ; indeed I doubt even if errand-boys' fathers, with more experience of the world, ordinarily would. Nor is it necessary that they should : to perform the act of civility is enough. But when this extra bloom of deportment is added it is gratifying.

With the thought in my mind that the boy had been carefully brought up, and wishing that there were more like him, I hurried after him, overtook him and asked if he would be so good as to give me his name and address. You see, I had not the tenner on me.

Zigzags in France

He looked at me with his batteries instantly unmasked, all the suspiciousness of young London's hard-bitten children in his gaze.

"What for?" he asked.

It is always a difficult question, and was never more so than now.

"I saw your politeness to that lady," I said, "and I should like to make you some little present of appreciation. Such courtesy is very rare, and in fact there is—ah—a fund for the purpose. But I shall have to send the—ah—gift—by post."

As I spoke his look had grown harder, and I thought I detected that fear of irony which haunts so many simple minds. There was no doubt as to his hostility. A Bayard, yes; but a Bayard at bay.

"A fund for the purpose," I repeated with a lack of fervour, for I could see the improbability of such a story in cars like these. "But I shall have to send it on by post."

He still gave me no help. "If I might have your name and address?" I said again, vowing to myself that this was the last occasion on which I would ever meddle with people's public demeanour, good or bad, and also realizing that for this kind of embassy some one with a long white

The Breaking Point

beard was probably necessary ; some one, anyway, who looks more official than I do.

He listened, retreatingly, and then he delivered his reply. " Who are you getting at ? " he asked angrily. " What's the game ? Can't a feller be polite to a lady without you making a song and dance about it ? " He began to run. " Go and boil yourself ! " he shouted back over his shoulder.

The Impenitent



THIS is a favourite dream of mine; I come so well out of it.

I have got myself into trouble—it doesn't matter how. Some dispute begins it, and then, in a moment of exasperation, I have hit an interfering policeman. Nothing disgraceful, but on my arm is that terrible thing, a policeman's hand, and I am being urged towards that terrible place, the station. (It is another illustration of the poverty of our language or our disregard of verbal colour that the word for the crowded excited places where we take our tickets and enter trains for holidays in the country or abroad should be the same as the black sinister headquarters of suspicious, inquisitorial and implacable inspectors. Anyway the hand is gripping my arm and we are irresistibly moving towards the station.)

In a quiet spot I induce the policeman to stop a moment. "Look here," I say—"I'm sorry I

The Impenitent

hit you. It didn't hurt. Almost no one saw it. I apologize. To arrest me like this is too absurd. Now, what can I do for you? Name a sum. Will you take a fiver?"

He won't. "None of that," he says, and the grip tightens. "None of that. And what's more, I shall report this conversation to the inspector-in-charge."

"But look here," I say. "Just one minute. Be reasonable. I've said I'm sorry. I've offered reparation. You know perfectly well it's only revenge on your part; to arrest me is ridiculous. You don't realize what this is going to be for me I'm known——"

He remains inflexible.

"Ten pounds," I say, "and heaps of Sunday Zoo tickets for the children."

He quickens the pace.

"All right," I say. "But you might be a sport. You know perfectly well that this is all rot. I'm not the kind of person you're out to arrest. Losing one's temper isn't a crime, and I've already apologized, and I've been punished enough for it. But have your own idiotic way."

He has it. He is full of that terrible thing, the virtuous indignation of the Force, and on we

Zigzags in France

march until at last the station is reached. Why we have no cab I can't explain. I suppose it is to make the atmosphere of humiliation more intense.

At the station there is the usual routine. The constable prefers the charge ; the inspector records it, writing with extreme deliberation ; friends are telephoned to, and in course of time I am free—if that is a word to apply to a peaceable, normally law-abiding and very retiring man with a decent reputation who has before him the ordeal of police-court proceedings. Free !

I pass a wretched night.

The next scene of the drama is the police-court itself.

I am in the dock, and in the witness-box, kissing the book, is the policeman. He tells the story ; he tells it with a dull dreary intonation of self-righteousness. It is practically correct. The gravamen of the matter is that while in the execution of his duty he was struck by the prisoner.

“ Have you anything to say ? ” the magistrate asks me.

I fancy I have seen him playing Bridge very testily at a club. “ Is it true,” he goes on,

The Impenitent

“that you attempted to bribe the officer?”

“Of course it is,” I say. “I did what any sensible man would have done.”

The court ripples into excited interest. The policemen, who, all through the proceedings, have been walking about, nominally on tip-toe but really on flat resounding soles, stop and stare at me. Clerks forget to whisper. I am a “phenomenon”: I have admitted an offence.

“Do you mean to say,” the magistrate asks, with what is meant for an awful sternness, “that you are proud of attempting to corrupt a member of the Force?”

“I didn’t say I was proud,” I reply. “But as for corruption—good heavens! where is the corruption? He had been exceeding his duty; I may have done wrong, but the two cancelled out. There was no mortal excuse for taking me to the station; the incident was closed. My intention in offering him a present was to give some practical proof of my regret and to avoid these foolish police-court proceedings and all their unfortunate and very damaging publicity. In short, I did, sir, just what you would have done. Wouldn’t you?”

“Silence!” roars the magistrate. He is

Zigzags in France

shocked beyond bearing by the suggestion that he is a man of the world.

“This is monstrous,” he resumes. “That anyone in your position should enunciate such doctrine, such appalling anti-social cynicism, is monstrous. Stand down. I will consider your punishment.”

“My punishment,” I reply, “is nothing to do with you. The garbled accounts in the Press constitute my punishment. I will stand down with pleasure, but before I go let me say that, if ever the need again arises to endeavour to bribe the police, I shall again do my best to bribe them. Just as you would. Wouldn’t you?”

He scowls and becomes more purple.

“Wouldn’t you?” I repeat. “Wouldn’t you?”

I wake up in a glow of self-esteem with the words “Wouldn’t you?” in my ears.

The Patients' Dilemma



“**W**HAT *may* one do ? ” is a question much in my mind. Ethically, no ; I have very clear ideas as to the answer when matters of conduct and conscience are involved, even if my own course of action seldom coincides with them ; but what is bothering me is the extent to which one should give way to temptation, to be careless, in material directions.

“ Ah, my dear,” says guardian angel number one, after a searching scrutiny of your tell-tale features, “ you’ve been sitting up late again. Those poor eyes of yours ! ”

“ Don’t pretend to deny it,” says number two ; “ you were at another of those big dinners last night. I can always tell.”

“ You’ve been smoking too much,” says the third (ought any man to have so many tutelary spirits ?). “ I know by the way your hand shakes.”

Zigzags in France

And they all finish in the same words by asking for a promise that there shall be no more of it.

“Do, do promise me,” they say.

To which you reply, “But why? What would you have me do? Always be in bed by ten? Give up smoking? Become a teetotaller? Refuse every invitation?” For conviviality, to them, is the unpardonable sin.

The gay and insouciant Nat Goodwin, the American comedian, when his doctor told him that he was ruining his health with wine, women, and song, promised, characteristically, to give up singing. The doctor no doubt laughed; but these jealous, watchful protectors of ours won't be fobbed off with a joke like that. They want a full undertaking, if possible signed and witnessed and stamped at Somerset House.

It is kind of them to take so much interest in us, it is flattering to us: but I wonder how wise they are, really. To begin with, what is it that we are saving ourselves for? For the whole idea is that we must be careful to some end. Longevity would seem to be the goal; but who would live to be eighty by dint of a repulsive frugality and self-denial when he could still be jolly and see seventy-nine?

The Patients' Dilemma

One of the most annoying things about excess of any kind is not that it injures oneself, or at any rate impairs one's faculties, if only momentarily, but that other persons can be as reckless as they wish and escape consequences. A very short night now and then can be a kind of stimulant ; I have often felt all the better for it, more alert and more certain of a particularly good sleep in consequence ; but after two short nights running it is possible to be played out. This is an annoyance, but, since I know the rules, not an intolerable one. The intolerable annoyance is the knowledge that my friend F. L. never requires more than five hours' rest, and therefore never goes to bed till two or three. With such a constitution the old joke about lengthening one's days—

The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to take a few hours from the night—

ceases to be a counsel of imperfection and becomes true.

Then there is M. M. is one of those amazing creatures who can drink champagne for dinner, follow it with port, follow that with old brandy, and later in the evening be found clear-headed and bright-eyed with a large whisky-and-soda in

Zigzags in France

his hand. I cannot manage these blends. My organism, without being delicate, is not robust enough ; and if I were to take them I should awaken next morning full of gall and self-reproach ; my breakfast would look like a menace and my desk like a condemned cell. Yet meanwhile M. is gay and serene, in his bath singing Pippa's song or words to that effect. My own limitations cause me bitterness, but the true source of grief is the thought of M.'s disgusting immunity. For each of us wants to be capable of all. The result is that M., when he is warned by his guardian angels of the folly of mixing, has the right merely to laugh.

And so with the other lures to which we fall—it is not so much our failure to remain unaffected by them, as the capacity of our friends to get off scot-free, that is so exasperating.

But nothing is ever said to us about food, although I am sure that there are many things which we eat that are as injurious as honest wine or whisky. Underdone beef, for example, can be death ; but who stops us eating it ? No one. Strawberries are full of the acid that makes for gout, but no one says, " I'm sure, dear, you eat too many strawberries." And of what use are

The Patients' Dilemma

the doctors ? They either first find out what we want them to tell us and tell us that, or they subscribe blindly to the great drink and tobacco heresy. "No champagne," they say ; "no red wine ; no white wine ; whisky-and-soda if you feel you must have something. And two cigars a day, mind, not more." And all the while we may be ruining our systems by eating the wrong things or taking too much exercise, or even be the victims of coffee or tea !

Apart altogether from the fact that one man's poison may be another man's meat, there are two reasons why too much thought can be given to the care of one's health. One of these reasons is a factor which all our solicitous censors consistently overlook, and that is that we are a part of a highly organized civilization. We live under such conditions of artificiality and stress that what would be fatal excess or excitement to primitive man is part of our routine. In a city such as London, of stone streets, electric light, petrol-driven cars, tubes, smoke, fog, paper-boys, continual noise, and hot and seasoned food, life, to be natural, must be feverish and forced. Man was probably intended to subsist among green and trees, to go to bed because it was dark and

Zigzags in France

rise because the sun had already risen, to walk, or to ride on horseback, to eat roots and fruit and to drink from the spring. Even a drop of whisky or half a cigarette might cause him woe and disturbance and certainly would be bad for him ; but in a world in which spirits and tobacco play such a rôle as in ours it is time to take their existence as granted : even to consider them essential and at any rate to minimize their peril. Where all is hectic and strident, rapid and fatiguing, narcotics and stimulants have their appointed tasks.

But its artificiality is not the only thing that civilization offers as a palliative for a certain intensifying of one's way of living. Look also at its dangers. What is the use of laboriously and against-the-grain striving for old age if one of a million skidding motor-buses at any moment may lay you low ?

And there is still another and far deeper reason for suspecting the wisdom of our disciplinary mentors, and that is the treachery to the community which can proceed from excessive self-protectiveness. The man who is so painstakingly cautious about doing his own body no harm seldom does anything for anyone else.

NOTE

The impressions of travel entitled “ Zigzags in France ” appear in the bulk for the first time. Some portions, together with several separate essays, are from the *Sunday Times* ; all the others are from *Punch*, except one from *Good House-keeping*. I here thank the proprietors of those periodicals for their kind permission to reprint. In every case there has been revision.

E. V. L.

May, 1925

Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd.,
Frome and London

**A SELECTION
FROM
MESSRS. METHUEN'S
CATALOGUE
OF
GENERAL LITERATURE**

A SELECTION OF

MESSRS. METHUEN'S

PUBLICATIONS

This Catalogue contains only a selection of the more important books published by Messrs. Methuen. A complete catalogue of their publications may be obtained on application.

ARMSTRONG (Warwick W.).

THE ART OF CRICKET. *Third Edition.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

BAIN (F. W.).

IN THE GREAT GOD'S HAIR. A DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE. AN INCARNATION OF THE SNOW. A MINE OF FAULTS. A DIGIT OF THE MOON. THE LIVERY OF EVE. A HEIFER OF THE DAWN. AN ESSENCE OF THE DUSK. THE DESCENT OF THE SUN. THE ASHES OF A GOD. BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. A SYRUP OF THE BEES. THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net each. AN ECHO OF THE SPHERES. Wide Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

BAKER (C. H. Collins).

CROME. Illustrated. Quarto, £5 5s. net.

BELLOC (H.).

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. In 4 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I, to 1066. Demy 8vo, 15s. net. MARIE ANTOINETTE. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 18s. net. PARIS. THE PYRENEES. Each, Illustrated, Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net. ON NOTHING. HILLS AND THE SEA. 3s. 6d. net each. ON EVERYTHING. ON SOMETHING. FIRST AND LAST. THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER. ON. ON ANYTHING. Each, Fcap. 8vo, 6s. net.

BOWEN (Frank C.).

THE KING'S NAVY. Illustrated. Fcap. 4to, 7s. 6d. net.

BRAY (Denys).

THE ORIGINAL ORDER OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

BURTON (Robert).

BURTON THE ANATOMIST. Being extracts from Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Edited by G. C. F. Mead and R. C. Clift. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.

BUTLER (Kathleen T.).

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. Two Vols. Each Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

CAMPBELL (Olwen Ward).

SHELLEY AND THE UNROMANTICS. Illustrated. *Second Edition*. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

CHANDLER (Arthur), D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein.

ARA CÆLI. *Eighth Edition*. 5s. net. FAITH AND EXPERIENCE. *Third Edition*. 5s. net. THE CULT OF THE PASSING MOMENT. *Fifth Edition*. 6s. net. THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND RE-UNION. 5s. net. SCALA MUNDI. 4s. 6d. net.

CHESTERTON (G. K.).

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. TREMENDOUS TRIFLES. ALARMS AND DISCURSIONS. A MISCELLANY OF MEN. THE USES OF DIVERSITY FANCIES VERSUS FADS. Each 6s. net. CHARLES DICKENS. THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. Each 3s. 6d. net. WINE, WATER AND SONG. 1s. 6d. net.

COLLISON-MORLEY (Lacy).

NAPLES THROUGH THE CENTURIES. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

COWLING (George H.).

A PREFACE TO SHAKESPEARE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

DARK (Sidney) and GREY (Rowland).

W. S. GILBERT: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS. Illustrated. *Second Edition*. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

DICKINSON (G. Lowes).

THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. *Fifteenth Edition*. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

DOLLS' HOUSE (THE QUEEN'S).

THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE. Vol. I. THE HOUSE. Edited by A. C. BENSON, C.V.O., and SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER, K.B.E. Vol. II. THE LIBRARY. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated. Crown 4to, £6 6s. net. EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE. Illustrated. *Second Edition*. Crown 4to, 5s. net.

DREVER (James).

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. 6s. net. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDUSTRY. 5s. net.

EINSTEIN (Albert).

RELATIVITY: THE SPECIAL AND THE GENERAL THEORY. *Seventh Edition*. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. SIDELIGHTS ON RELATIVITY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. THE MEANING OF RELATIVITY. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Other Books on the Einstein Theory:

THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY. By ALBERT EINSTEIN, H. A. LORENTZ, H. MINKOWSKI, and H. WEYL. With Notes by A. SOMMERFELD. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net. EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By MAX BORN. Demy 8vo, 12s. net. THE FOUNDATIONS OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF GRAVITATION. By ERWIN FREUNDLICH. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Write for Complete List

EVANS (Lady).

LUSTRE POTTERY. Illustrated. Royal 4to, £2 12s. 6d. net.

"EVOE" (E. V. KNOX).

PARODIES REGAINED. 5s. net. THESE LIBERTIES. 4s. 6d. net.

FICTION AS SHE IS WROTE. FANCY NOW! Each 6s. net.

FITZGERALD (Edward).

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. Wide Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

FYLEMAN (Rose).

FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS. *Nineteenth Edition*. THE FAIRY GREEN. *Tenth Edition*. THE FAIRY FLUTE. *Eighth Edition*. THE RAINBOW CAT AND OTHER STORIES. *Second Edition*. FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES. *Fourth Edition*. EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. *Second Edition*. FAIRIES AND FRIENDS. THE ADVENTURE CLUB. Each Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. A SMALL CRUSE. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK. Crown 4to, 10s. 6d. net.

GIBBON (Edward).

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Edited, with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY. Illustrated. Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo, each 12s. 6d. net. Also, unillustrated. Seven Volumes. Crown 8vo, each 7s. 6d. net.

GLOVER (T. R.).

THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE. 10s. 6d. net. POETS AND PURITANS. 10s. 6d. net. VIRGIL. 10s. 6d. net. FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP. 10s. 6d. net.

GOTCH (J. A.).

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

GRAHAM (Harry).

THE WORLD WE LAUGH IN: MORE DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. Illustrated by "FISH." *Fifth Edition*. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.

GRAHAME (Kenneth).

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. *Fourteenth Edition*. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Also, illustrated by NANCY BARNHART. Small 4to, 10s. 6d. net.

HADFIELD (J. A.).

PSYCHOLOGY AND MORALS. *Fifth Edition*. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

HALL (H. R.).

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST. Illustrated. *Sixth Edition, Revised*. Demy 8vo, £1 1s. net.

HOLDSWORTH (W. S.).

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo. Each £1 5s. net.

HUTTON (Edward).

MILAN AND LOMBARDY. THE CITIES OF ROMAGNA AND THE MARCHES. SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. VENICE AND VENETIA. THE CITIES OF SPAIN. NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY. Each, illustrated, 8s. 6d. net. A WAYFARER IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY. THE CITIES OF UMBRIA. COUNTRY WALKS ABOUT FLORENCE. ROME. FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY. Each, illustrated, 7s. 6d. net.

INGE (W. R.), D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. (The Bampton Lectures of 1899.) Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

KIPLING (Rudyard).

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. 233rd Thousand. THE SEVEN SEAS. 172nd Thousand. THE FIVE NATIONS. 138th Thousand. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. 111th Thousand. THE YEARS BETWEEN. 95th Thousand. Four editions of these famous volumes of poems are now published, viz. :—Crown 8vo, Buckram, 7s. 6d. net; Fcap. 8vo, Cloth, 6s. net; Leather, 7s. 6d. net; and *Service Edition*. Two Vols. each book. Square Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each Vol. A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY—VERSE. *Third Edition*. Cloth, 6s. net; Leather, 7s. 6d. net. TWENTY POEMS. 408th Thousand. 1s. net. A CHOICE OF SONGS. *Second Edition*. 2s. net.

LAMB (Charles and Mary).

THE COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. A New and Revised Edition in six volumes. With Frontispieces. Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. net. The Volumes are :—1, MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. 2, ELIA AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. 3, BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. 4, PLAYS AND POEMS. 5 and 6, LETTERS.

SELECTED LETTERS. Chosen and Edited by G. T. CLAPTON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. A CHARLES LAMB DAY BOY. Compiled by E. V. LUCAS. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

LANKESTER (Sir Ray).

SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. First Series. SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. Second Series. DIVERSIONS OF A NATURALIST. SECRETS OF EARTH AND SEA. (8s. 6d. net.) GREAT AND SMALL THINGS. Each illustrated. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

LODGE (Sir Oliver).

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE, 7s. 6d. net. THE SURVIVAL OF MAN, 7s. 6d. net. REASON AND BELIEF, 2s. net. THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH, 2s. net. RAYMOND, 10s. 6d. net. RAYMOND REVISED, 6s. net. RELATIVITY, 1s. net.

LUCAS (E. V.).

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. 2 Vols. £1 1s. net. EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A. 2 Vols. £6 6s. net. VERMEER OF DELFT. 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER IN HOLLAND. A WANDERER IN LONDON. LONDON REVISITED. A WANDERER IN PARIS. A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. A WANDERER IN VENICE. Each 10s. 6d. net. A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES. 8s. 6d. net. THE OPEN ROAD. 6s. net. Also, illustrated by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON. 10s. 6d. net. Also, India Paper. Leather, 7s. 6d. net. THE FRIENDLY TOWN. FIRESIDE AND SUNSHINE. CHARACTER AND COMEDY. Each 6s. net. THE GENTLEST ART. 6s. 6d. net. THE SECOND POST. HER INFINITE VARIETY. GOOD COMPANY. ONE DAY AND ANOTHER. OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. LOITERER'S HARVEST. CLOUD AND SILVER. A BOSWELL OF BAGHDAD. 'TWINX EAGLE AND DOVE. THE PHANTOM JOURNAL. GIVING AND RECEIVING. LUCK OF THE YEAR. ENCOUNTERS AND DIVERSIONS. ZIG-ZAGS IN FRANCE. Each 6s. net. SPECIALLY SELECTED. URBANITIES. Each, illustrated by G. L. STAMPA, 7s. 6d. net. YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE. * Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. 5s. net. THE SAME STAR : A Comedy in Three Acts. 3s. 6d. net. THE BRITISH SCHOOL. 6s. net. LITTLE BOOKS ON GREAT MASTERS. Each 5s. net. ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST. 5s. net. See also DOLLS' HOUSE (THE QUEEN'S).

LYND (Robert).

THE BLUE LION. THE PEAL OF BELLS. AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN PROSE. Each, Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

McDOUGALL (William).

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY (*Eighteenth Edition*), 8s. 6d. net; BODY AND MIND (*Sixth Edition*), 12s. 6d. net; AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY, 12s. net; NATIONAL WELFARE AND NATIONAL DECAY, 6s. net. ETHICS AND SOME MODERN WORLD PROBLEMS, 7s. 6d. net.

MAETERLINCK (Maurice).

THE BLUE BIRD, 6s. net and 2s. 6d. net. THE BETROTHAL, 6s. net, paper 3s. 6d. net. MARY MAGDALENE, 5s. net and 2s. net. DEATH, 3s. 6d. net. OUR ETERNITY, 6s. net. THE UNKNOWN GUEST, 6s. net. THE WRACK OF THE STORM, 6s. net. THE MIRACLE OF SAINT ANTHONY, 3s. 6d. net. THE BURGOMASTER OF STILEMONDE, 5s. net. MOUNTAIN PATHS, 6s. net. TYLTYL, Told for Children (illustrated), 2is. net. (The above books are Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS). POEMS, 5s. net (Done into English by BERNARD MIALL). THE CLOUD THAT LIFTED and THE POWER OF THE DEAD (Translated by F. M. ATKINSON), 7s. 6d. net. THE GREAT SECRET (Translated by BERNARD MIALL), 7s. 6d. net.

METHUEN (Sir A.).

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE. *82nd Thousand*. SHAKESPEARE TO HARDY: An Anthology of English Lyrics. *15th Thousand*. Each, Fcap. 8vo, Cloth, 6s. net; Leather, 7s. 6d. net.

MILNE (A. A.).

NOT THAT IT MATTERS. *Fifth Edition*. IF I MAY. *Sixth Edition*. Each 6s. net. WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. *Tenth Edition*. Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD. 7s. 6d. net. Leather 10s. 6d. net. FOR THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL: CRICKET AND OTHER VERSES. *Second Edition*. 1s. 6d. net.

MILNE (A. A.) and FRASER-SIMSON (H.).

FOURTEEN SONGS FROM "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG." *Fourth Edition*. Royal 4to. 7s. 6d. net. THE KING'S BREAKFAST. Demy 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

NEWMAN (Tom).

HOW TO PLAY BILLIARDS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net. BILLIARD DO'S AND DON'T'S. F'cap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

OMAN (Sir Charles).

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES, A.D. 378-1485. *Second Edition*, Revised and Enlarged. 2 Vols. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, £1 16s. net.

OXENHAM (John).

Eight Volumes of Poems. Small Pott 8vo, 1s. 3d. net each volume. BEES IN AMBER. (2s. net.) ALL'S WELL. THE KING'S HIGH WAY. THE VISION SPLENDID. THE FIERY CROSS. HEARTS COURAGEOUS. HIGH ALTARS. ALL CLEAR!

PETRIE (Sir Flinders).

A HISTORY OF EGYPT. Illustrated. Six Volumes. Crown 8vo. 1, FROM THE 1ST TO XVIITH DYNASTY (12s. net). 2, THE XVIIITH AND XVIIIITH DYNASTIES (9s. net). 3, XIXTH TO XXXTH DYNASTIES (12s. net). 4, EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. J. P. MAHAFFY (9s. net). 5, EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. J. G. MILNE. (12s. net). 6, EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE-POOLE. (10s. net).

RALEIGH (Sir Walter).

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Edited by LADY RALEIGH.
2 Vols. Demy 8vo, £1 5s. net.

STEVENSON (R. L.).

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Selected and Edited by SIR SIDNEY COLVIN. Four Volumes.
Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. net each.

TILDEN (W. T.).

THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s. net. LAWN TENNIS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. LAWN TENNIS FOR CLUB PLAYERS. LAWN TENNIS FOR MATCH PLAYERS. Each illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. SINGLES AND DOUBLES. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s. net. THE COMMON SENSE OF LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

TILESTON (Mary W.).

DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Thirty-first Edition.* Medium 16mo, 3s. 6d. net. Also, India Paper, Leather, 6s. net.

UNDERHILL (Evelyn).

MYSTICISM. *Tenth Edition.* Demy 8vo, 15s. net. THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE LIFE OF TO-DAY. *Sixth Edition.* Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

VARDON (Harry).

HOW TO PLAY GOLF. Illustrated. *Eighteenth Edition.* Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

WATERHOUSE (Elizabeth).

A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. *Twenty-second Edition.* Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

WATERS (Helena L.).

THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN RIVIERAS. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. LAGO DI GARDA AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. Illustrated. 6s. net.

WILDE (Oscar).

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. *Sixteen Volumes.* Fcap. 8vo, each 6s. 6d. net. Some also Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. 1, LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME AND THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. 2, THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. 3, POEMS. 4, LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. 5, A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. 6, AN IDEAL HUSBAND. 7, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. 8, A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. 9, INTENTIONS. 10, DE PROFUNDIS AND PRISON LETTERS. 11, ESSAYS. 12, SALOME, A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY, AND LA SAINTE COURTISANE. 13, A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. 14, SELECTED PROSE OF OSCAR WILDE. 15, ART AND DECORATION. 16, FOR LOVE OF THE KING: A Burmese Masque (5s. net).

A SELECTION OF SERIES

THE ANTIQUARY'S BOOKS

Each, illustrated, Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. A series of volumes dealing with various branches of English Antiquities, comprehensive and popular, as well as accurate and scholarly.

THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

Demy 8vo, 6s. net each volume.

An edition of Shakespeare in Single Plays. Edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page. The edition is now complete in thirty-nine volumes.

CLASSICS OF ART

Edited by Dr. J. H. W. LAING.

Illustrated. Wide Royal 8vo, from 15s. net to £3 3s. net. A Library of Art dealing with Great Artists and with branches of Art.

THE " COMPLETE " SERIES

Illustrated. Demy 8vo, from 5s. net to 18s. net. A series of books on the chief Sports and Pastimes, comprehensive, lucid and authoritative.

THE CONNOISSEUR'S LIBRARY

Illustrated. Wide Royal 8vo, 31s. 6d. net.

ENGLISH COLOURED BOOKS; ETCHINGS; EUROPEAN ENAMELS; FINE BOOKS; GLASS; GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' WORK; ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS; IVORIES; JEWELLERY; MEZZOTINTS; MINIATURES; PORCELAIN; SEALS; WOOD SCULPTURE.

EIGHT BOOKS BY R. S. SURTEES

With the Original Illustrations in Colour by J. LEECH and others.

Fcap. 8vo, 6s. net and 7s. 6d. net.

ASK MAMMA; HANDLEY CROSS; HAWBUCK GRANGE; HILLINGDON HALL; JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES; MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR; MR. FACEY ROMFORD'S HOUNDS; PLAIN OR RINGLETS?

THE LITTLE GUIDES

Illustrated and with Maps. 60 Volumes. Small Pott 8vo, 4s. to 6s. net each. POCKETABLE GUIDES TO THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES AND TO WELL-KNOWN DISTRICTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MODERN MASTERPIECES

In sets of six. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. each volume.

WORKS BY A. A. MILNE, JOSEPH CONRAD, ARNOLD BENNETT, G. K. CHESTERTON, E. V. LUCAS, and H. BELLOC.

PLAYS

Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

KISMET (Paper, 2s. net); MILESTONES; AN IDEAL HUSBAND; THE WARE CASE; GENERAL POST; THE GREAT ADVENTURE; THE HONEYMOON; ACROSS THE BORDER (Crown 8vo); THE SAME STAR.

METHUEN'S HALF-CROWN AND TWO SHILLING LIBRARIES

These are series of copyright books which have been such a popular success. They contain more books by distinguished writers than any other series.

Write for Complete Lists

Date Due

[illegible]

CAT. NO. 23 233

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

DC 28 .L8

Lucas, Edward Verrall, 18

010101 000

Zigzags in France, and various



0 1163 0215820 3

TRENT UNIVERSITY

DC28 .L8

Lucas, Edward Verrall

Zigzags in France, and various
essays

DATE

ISSUED TO
167872

167872

